

Courtesy of John Lane Co.

A Cradle Picture by G. A. Williams.

# THE CRAFTSMAN



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**"MY MOTHER": A LOVELY EXPOSITION OF  
THE MADONNA SPIRIT: BY PIERRE LOTI**



THE CRAFTSMAN has always been interested in the source of the Madonna experience, the feeling which has inspired more art, more religious development, more social adjustment than any one other emotion in the world. In every December issue for some years past we have published what seemed to us beautiful conceptions from the brush of various artists in regard to child life. We have been especially interested in pictures of mothers and children, the old Madonna pictures from the north and south of Europe, and the modern Madonna pictures from the fishing villages in Gloucester and from the East Side in New York.

As a rule we have not written ourselves about these pictures, rather we have selected some quotation from the writings of a man whose love of child life is preëminent. Last year we published a not well known essay of Ruskin's about child life; this year we are happy to present a lovely story of Pierre Loti's, called "My Mother," a chapter from his charming tale of "The Story of a Child."

**"MY** mother!—I have already mentioned her two or three times in the course of this recital, but without stopping to speak of her at length. It seems that at first she was no more to me than a natural and instinctive refuge where I ran for shelter from

## "MY MOTHER": BY PIERRE LOTI

all terrifying and unfamiliar things, from all the dark forebodings that had no real cause.

"But I believe she took on reality and life for the first time in the burst of ineffable tenderness which I felt when one May morning she entered my room with a bouquet of pink hyacinths in her hand;—she brought in with her as she came a ray of sunlight.

"I was convalescing from one of the maladies peculiar to children, —measles or whooping cough, I know not which,—and I had been ordered to remain in bed and to keep warm. By the rays of light that filtered in through the closed shutters I divined the springtime warmth and brightness of the sun and air, and I felt sad that I had to remain behind the curtains of my tiny white bed; I wished to rise and go out; but most of all I had a desire to see my mother.

"The door opened and she entered, smiling. Ah, I remember it so well! I recall so distinctly how she looked as she stood upon the threshold of the door. And I remember that she brought in with her some of the sunlight and balminess of the spring day.

"I see again the expression of her face as she looked at me; and I hear the sound of her voice, and recall the details of her beloved dress, that would look funny and old-fashioned to me now. She had returned from her morning shopping, and she wore a straw hat trimmed with yellow roses, and a shawl of lilac barege (it was the period of the shawl) sprinkled with tiny bouquets of violets. Her dark curls (the poor beloved curls today, alas! so thin and white) were at this time without a gray hair. There was about her the fragrance of the May day, and her face as it looked that morning with its broad brimmed hat is still distinctly present with me. Besides the bouquet of pink hyacinths, she had brought me a tiny watering-pot, an exact imitation in miniature of the crockery ones so much used by the country people.

"As she leaned over my bed to embrace me, I felt as if every wish was gratified. I no longer had a desire to weep, nor to rise from my bed, nor to go out. She was with me and that sufficed—I was consoled, tranquillized, and re-created by her gracious presence.

"I was, I think, a little more than three years old at this time, and my mother must have been about forty-two years of age; but I had not the least notion of age in regard to her, and it had never occurred to me to wonder whether she was young or old; nor did I realize until a later time that she was beautiful. No, at this period that she was her own dear self was enough; to me she was in face and form a person so apart and so unique, that I would not have dreamed of comparing her with any one else. From her whole being there emanated such a joyousness, security and tenderness, and so much goodness that from thence was born my understanding of faith and prayer.



"THE OFFERING": Charles  
W. Hawthorne, painter.



*Reproduced From "Some Impressions of the Art at the  
Panama-Pacific Exhibition," by Christian Brinton*

**"THE PROCESSION":  
Ettore Tito, painter.**



*Reproduced From "Some Impressions of the Art at the  
Panama-Pacific Exhibition," by Christian Brinton*

**"GRANDMOTHER'S  
IDOL": Luppi, painter.**



*Reproduced From "Some Impressions of the Art at the  
Panama-Pacific Exhibition," by Christian Brinton*

**"MOTHER AND CHILD":  
John W. Twachtman, painter.**

## "MY MOTHER": BY PIERRE LOTI

"I would that I could speak hallowed words to the first blessed form that I find in the book of memory. I would it were possible that I could greet my mother with words filled with the meaning I wish to convey. They are words which cause bountiful tears to flow, but tears fraught with I know not how much of the sweetness of consolation and joy, words that are ever, and in spite of everything, filled with the hope of an immortal reunion.

"And since I have touched upon this mystery that has had such an influence upon my soul, I will here set down that my mother alone is the only person in the world of whom I have the feeling that death cannot separate me. With other human beings, those whom I have loved with all my heart and soul, I have tried to imagine a hereafter, a tomorrow in which there shall be no tomorrow; but no, I cannot! Rather I have always had a horrible consciousness of our nothingness—dust to dust, ashes to ashes. Because of my mother alone have I been able to keep intact the faith of my early days. It still seems to me that when I have finished playing my poor part in life, when I no longer run in the overgrown paths that lead to the unattainable, when I am through amusing humanity with my conceits and my sorrows, I will go there where my mother, who has gone before me, is, and she will receive me; and the smile of serenity that she now wears in my memory will have become one of triumphant realization.

"True, I see that distant region only dimly, and it has no more substance than a pale gray vision; my words, however intangible and elusive, give too definite a form to my dreamy conceptions. But still (I speak as a little child, with the child's faith), but still I always think of my mother as having, in that far off place, preserved her earthly aspect. I think of her with her dear white curls and the straight lines of her beautiful profile that the years may have impaired a little, but which I still find perfect. The thought that the face of my mother shall one day disappear from my eyes forever, that it is no more than combined elements subject to disintegration, and that she will be lost in the universal abyss of nothingness, not only makes my heart bleed, but it causes me to revolt as at something unthinkable and monstrous; it cannot be! I have the feeling that there is about her something which death cannot touch.

"My love for my mother (the only changeless love of my life) is so free from all material feeling that that alone gives me an inexplicable hope, almost gives me a confidence in the immortality of the soul.

"And why among the treasured playthings of my childhood has the tiny watering-pot taken on the value and sacred dignity of a relic? So much so indeed that when I am far distant on the ocean, in hours of danger, I think of it with tenderness, and see it in the place where it

## CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE NORTH

has lain for years, in the little bureau, never opened, mixed in with broken toys; and should it disappear I would feel as if I had lost an amulet that could not be replaced.

"And the simple shawl of lilac barege, found recently among some old clothing laid aside to be given to the poor, why have I put it away as carefully as if it were a priceless object? Because in its color (now faded), in its quaint Indian pattern and tiny bouquets of violets, I still find an emanation from my mother; I believe that I borrow therefrom a holy calm and sweet confidence that is almost a faith. And mingled in with the other feelings there is perhaps a melancholy regret for those May mornings of long ago that seemed so much brighter than are those of today."

This quotation from Pierre Loti is used by permission of C. C. Birchard & Co.

## CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE NORTH

**A** DIM, white world,  
                    with everywhere  
The silent trees, each  
                    one a tall  
Black column 'neath the stars!  
No sound disturbs the  
                    icy air!  
A weighted pine, with giant  
                    branches over-dressed  
Among the naked poplars,  
                    showers down  
A load of powdery flakes. Some  
                    wagon tracks  
Marking the lonely solitudes  
                    with man's near presence,  
Lie like a long, dark shadow  
                    'neath the trees.  
Across the white expanse, lit  
                    by the cold, bright twinkle  
From the sky, a rabbit slowly hops,  
                    making a neat,  
Clean line of purple hollows  
                    in the light,  
Dry snow, then leaves  
                    the winter world  
To trees and stars!

PHYLLIS WARD.

## THE "PLAY-GIRL" IN FICTION: DISCUSSED BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.



VERY man of genius has his lyric youth—the golden days when he follows a gleaming path through his vision, out to an ecstasy of achievement. A man is very intimate to all the world in these days although he may not write or sing of actual people, for people in the golden years of a man's genius are just pictures on which are draped fears and joys, ideals and splendid impulses, great tragedies and winged hopes. In his lyric youth the painter and poet, the sculptor and maker of music lives in sunlit mists by day, clinging to the stars by night—knights follow the Holy Grail, *Siegfried's* ears are attuned to the sound of bird notes, *Tristan* dies for love listening to the "Liebestod," Bobby Burns on the heather-covered hills chants of simple delight and romance, Columbus sets red sails to the wind.

These lyric days keep our art vital, our hearth-stones bright. Because of them cathedral spires cut through blue skies, because of them youth goes singing to the trenches looking at death with shining eyes. The same mood makes a young man eager to design and build a beautiful bridge, the same mood discovers the value of the purple ray, the same mood enamels a dancing figure thousands of years ago through the hand of a Chinese craftsman or carves an altar in a little chapel in a Rhine valley.

Few men possess this lyric youth for long. It does not mate with maturity, experience blinds it, materialism shackles it, but life cannot overwhelm the man who has once felt the wings of beauty brush his soul.

Some men find all their interest in art, all their capacity for creative expression limited to these early days: others find their productivity divided into two chapters—the first lighted with divine fire, the second made vivid and rich by the wisdom accumulated through observation and experience. Much permanent, valuable literature has been written in this second mood. Few poems have ever been accomplished outside the lyric time and a vast amount of the music that overwhelms the imagination; but many men who are thoughtful, sympathetic students of human nature have written their most stirring stories, the stories that have appealed to the greatest number of human beings, tales that have enriched the lives of many, from observation and experience gained through middle age.

There is still another division of the work of the wonder makers; the men who carry into their mature art the intimacy with youth, the sympathy with romance, the understanding of life's exultations that had birth in the day of their lyric youth. In this group belongs Robert

## THE "PLAY-GIRL" IN FICTION

W. Chambers, the most popular writer of American fiction today.

All lovers of American fiction, all people who long to have their imagination pricked to feel a response of the spirit to a man's ecstasy, have read with happiness never-to-be-forgotten, Robert Chambers' early stories, "The Maker of Moons," "The King in Yellow," "The Messenger," and others. These are the stories of Mr. Chambers' lyric days, when his pen thrilled to his spirit, when he was writing of abstract wonders, of the things of the soul, of the joys and hopes and ideals of the human heart. They are a glorious contribution to the writing of this country and they have left all the lovers of this period of his literary achievement with a vast debt of gratitude to this man who was a poet in his early days, a seer of visions.

While some lovers of these early tales lament the passing of this phase of Mr. Chambers' art, the fact remains that his stories today reaches a vastly wider audience and supplies a more searching commentary upon our complex, shifting, fascinating civilization.

A FEW weeks ago THE CRAFTSMAN had the valued opportunity of visiting Mr. Robert Chambers at his Revolutionary home at the foothills of the Catskills, the countryside where he played as a little boy, where as a young man he lived in "rose mists and clung to the stars," where his father and great-grandfather before him were born and spent joyous or sad days in the woods on the hilltops at this beautiful countryside. Here in America we so seldom expect a man who has done much for us to have lived his life against a background. Almost all American lives are facing an interesting perspective, but they are moving swiftly forward, and their thought, their art is seldom ever touched with the memory of beautiful surroundings for generations, of great deeds back of them, of homes filled with records of the bright lives of people bearing the same name.

Mr. Chambers' home at Broadalbin is an estate of many hundreds of acres. And the house, which until recently sat near the gateway, as all houses did in our early days, has been moved back so that a stately drive extends from the gate to the beautiful, massive, white building with great pillars in front of the doorway. The opening of the door reveals a huge fireplace at the end of an exquisitely arranged and hospitable room. The house is many times the size that it was originally, the furnishing so perfect that it is several days before one realizes that it is a combination of Jacobean brought to this country centuries ago, old carved Italian with painted leather, beautiful Colonial pieces belonging to the old homestead and rare works of art telling the romance and history of countries all over the world. At first one just realizes that it is gracious and beautiful and satisfying

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and spacious. Afterward one knows that every detail is a happiness to the spirit.

Mr. Chambers does not do his writing at this home. Here he lives through the summer months from early spring to late in the fall, roaming over the estate, helping to build bridges, to make lakes, to reforest the hillside, to make the land as beautiful and valuable as such a place has every right to be. For many hours in the day he is out on the hillsides with his Great Dane dogs, and often Mrs. Chambers is with him, loving the country, interested in all the development and perfection of the outdoor as well as the indoor part of the home.

**S**ITTING before the firelight just at twilight on an October day, Mr. Chambers talked of his work, of American fiction, of young American life, of the new type of young people of the day with a kind philosophy, a wide interest and tender sympathy. "The old days of my writing are past," he said; "quite gone. A man does not turn back to those things, whether they have meant much or little to him. They belong to youth, they are memories, and no man dissects his memories if he wishes to keep them bright. How can I tell how I would feel about those books today? I do not see them. I might find much to change, much to criticize. They came in their own time and that is past.

"Today my attitude toward work is quite different. As a man grows older he does not write from emotion, he writes from an intellectual understanding of his subject and with a technique which he must become past-master of. I may feel emotional about the plot of my story when I am first planning it. There is always a kind of adventure in planning a book. You are traveling into a new bit of life, a new land, and there is always the excitement of the quest; but after this is over, then it is a question largely of fluent technique, giving your characters their head, letting them go their own way within bounds of writing, and coolly and quietly understanding them, their nature, their psychology, the conditions in which they are moving, and presenting them as clearly as though writing were merely a looking glass and the people passing by. I feel that every man who is writing should gain this mastery. He must, before he can give anything to the public that will reach them and stir their emotions.

"Personally, I feel that I must be a part of the tendencies of this age—I must know them, understand them, digest them. I never feel emotional for a moment when I am actually writing. I feel perhaps then as a scientist does in his laboratory. He knows his purpose and he knows his scientific machinery. What he is developing is all done in a cool, intellectual way,—otherwise you do not convey to your au-

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dience the thing that they demand of you. The moment a man who is writing feels his emotion, he is absorbing it himself and not giving it out. I feel sure that this is true with painting as well as writing, perhaps with sculpture, because a painter travels, or studies his model, or imagines his composition, and then with a technique so fluent that he is unconscious of it, he uses a cool brain to try and make the subject that has interested him interest the onlooker. And if a writer presents his people in this way, with a knowledge of the conditions in which they are living, of the tendencies which control their lives, he has done all that he can accomplish. He is playing in luck then if the world feels what he felt when the first impulse to write came to him.

"Writing is, I believe, today a matter not of emotion, but of clear thinking. If you feel while you work, you are confused and you confuse your audience. Writing is an intellectual achievement, not a matter of emotional excitement. I find that as my interest in life increases, as my range of vision extends and I know more of the world and of the people in it that my impulse is naturally to write of these things, of the tendencies of my own age, of the new social conditions, and as all social conditions change with the younger generation, naturally my interest is in the people who are a part of the new civilization of my country. Things have vastly changed since my youth. There is a universal freedom today among young people which was unknown in my boyhood. A keener sex feeling is all around us, many barriers are down that were essential years ago, the young people come in more intimate contact with life, dancing and cabaret life have changed young human nature far more than many people realize. There is an intimacy of companionship, a greater freedom, there is a stirring of emotional enjoyment which has never before been felt in America, and with this liberty there has come naturally a certain license among the unthinking and unguarded. We are not like the old Latin races—vivid and emotional, with centuries of joyous experience back of us, centuries of artistic output, of delight in life, of knowledge, of beauty; we are just waking up emotionally in America and it is the new, very young generation who are born with a sense of spiritual freedom—something we others did not have in our youth."

I ASKED Mr. Chambers if he felt that the new young "play-child" of America today was rather a barren type mentally and spiritually, and if that type would be likely to hurt our civilization, to leave it without inspiration; in other words, if the youth of today were without the lyric quality, could we hope for artists, nation builders, home makers, mothers? His answer was: "The seemingly barren type has always existed in every country, in every age of the world

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there have always been the young 'play-girls.' We notice her more today because she is better dressed, more sure of herself, more convinced that her way is right and that play is essential. You have always seen her in Paris, but there the 'play-girl' has more intelligence, she is closer to the intellectual life of the nation. In America we have these young, barren spirits without tradition, without a sense of beauty, without an understanding of art or a seeking for it, and so naturally they are more remote from the average existence because there are not the links between these young souls and society that there are in Paris or Italy or Russia today, where practically all youth has its knowledge of music, its understanding of the traditions of its nation, its pride in its own city and the works of art in it. Where the interest of the new type is limited to a sheer seeking of ephemeral joy, a love of clothes, a desire to be physically attractive, there is less possibility of companionship, less possibility of growth out into other associations. In Paris, in Italy, a love of beauty is in the blood of all the people. It is not regarded as "culture," but as a natural inheritance. Here in America, the unawakened minds are surrounded with a sense of waste, of extravagance, of ignorance, and out of this condition is born a product ambitious for comfort and for the money which brings comfort. They must be clothed and fed, they want to be happy and they feel that beauty and brightness can only make them happy.

"Of course, much of this condition is due to our education or rather, our lack of it. We do not, in our schools, prepare young people to understand life, to live it intelligently and wisely. We make the newcomers to our land dissatisfied with their ancestors, ashamed of their immediate existence, and then with the freedom we offer our young people, this new generation in America rushes out into the life that seems to them complete and joyous. Our cabarets are filled by the 'play-girl,' and a new kind of life is created, called Broadway.

"But I find as I study these young people that not all is desire for gaiety, for personal beauty and comfort and brightness—there is the old dominating impulse to mate. And this impulse is really stronger in them than anything else. Of course not all of them have this opportunity. Their life leads them out into adventure, often beyond, to disaster, but the instinct for home making is just as strong in these seemingly barren, beautiful young creatures as in any phase of society, in any period or age. Indeed, often it is the desire for this very thing that leads these young people to Broadway; but *what they want is a home*, the safe retreat, the man that belongs to them, the child that needs them.

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"IT is my experience through the world that one cannot ignore beauty of feature as some mere material, unworthy thing. I find that as a rule it corresponds, especially in woman-kind, to something beautiful in the spirit, and I am sure that many of these young girls who live a life of sheer gaiety have qualities just as lovely as their beauty of face indicates to me, and which under the right environment would blossom out into the women valuable as home makers, and thus valuable to a nation. It is the rarest thing in the world among these young girls to find a 'villainess.' They have not the tragic quality of the southern Latins. They have just the young spirit trembling with delight over the thought of joy, seeking it at any risk, reacting from it to essential fine humanity if the occasion is given them.

"And yet, on the other hand, there is the kind of spirit in all this unformed, vital new humanity that is easily welded into the mob which every nation has feared. If America builds another Versailles it is these young people who will overwhelm it in the long run with their new desire, their new knowledge of freedom, their new work for equality, their new sense of strength. A nation is not saved from the mob until its women are in possession of homes. The women who have homes do not desire to destroy, they wish to conserve for themselves and for their children. The women who have helped to acquire and to build a home, who have happily bred children, are safe from any revolutionary spirit. It is discontent that moves on to Versailles always."

When Mr. Chambers was asked if he felt that real romance came often to the "play-girls" of America, he said: "It is very hard ever to decide about romance for others. The chances are that in the main it does not, that these young girls respond with eager interest to the first man who is genuinely fond of them and kind to them. They are easily satisfied because their desires are intensely only for two things, first freedom in happiness and second, happiness in mating. It is the dissatisfied 'joy-girl' who is ready to fight. The woman with a nest stays near it and becomes a type rather than an individual, and after all, these young people have that great gift, tolerance toward each other, the man for the woman and the woman for the man, and tolerance is the only quality that can lessen the barrier between men and women which has always existed. Tolerance is the great gift of the world, as meddling is the great curse of the world."

So much for the youth of today which Mr. Chambers finds diverting and important in writing of our new kind of civilization. In speaking further of the question of writing itself, he mentioned the great need of every man to enjoy his daily work whether he was a writer or a

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sculptor, an editor or a farmer. "If possible," he said, "a man should get his daily bread through the thing he enjoys doing. A man's hobby should be his profession, then he is going to do good work. You have got to enjoy writing to write well, you have got to enjoy farming to make any sort of an agriculturist. Unless I enjoy the story that I do I am sure that the emotion I have had in planning it does not go through to the reader, and when the reader does respond, does for the moment give me his heart as well as his eyes, then he may rest assured that I have enjoyed writing that story for him.

"Personally, in my own fiction of the present day, I am not trying to preach any sermon, teach any lessons, I am not pretending that what I have to say is important. I am interested in life as it is being lived today, I am immensely interested in writing about it, and feel that my chance to do so is a very jolly one. If, in addition to enjoying my work, I can amuse others, that is my good fortune. Personally, I have grown to feel that writing is not one of the important arts—the writer of stories, the singer of songs are not the great people today. I feel that the man who is important to his country is the doer of deeds. The writer about the doer of deeds, in my estimation, comes last at the feast. Today the splendid man is the one who is in Europe changing the map of the world, the man who is building great bridges, putting through enormous engineering feats, the man with vast courage and splendid heroism, the man who is freshening up the spirit of the universe. The writer of words, the singer of songs is a pleasant entertainer, but the man who is changing the spirit as well as the typography of the universe is one who stirs the emotions, enriches the mind and uplifts the spirit."



## DANCING AND DEMOCRACY: ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY ESTHER PECK



THE old Latin folk, and the Greeks from whom they sought inspiration, or at least took it, frankly avowed the need and delight of a sound mind in a sound body. New England was content to ignore the body, to center all her emotions in religion, and it was New England which established that terrible boundary which still exists in America between the spirit and the body. The body which held the spirit, and should express it, and in fact should be a signal for the beauty of the spirit, was ignored, and maltreated, and humiliated.

It was a strange obsession that these good forefathers of ours possessed. They seemed to have a certain sort of courage, or perhaps they were only self-willed. They came to America so they could do as they pleased, and burn those who did not, and they left England by way of Holland because there they had to do as others pleased, or be burned themselves. So, perhaps, it was egotism that brought them over after all. In any case, a more arrogant, self-willed people never existed. They were determined to have a religious debauch, and instead of loving beauty, they had the excitement of condemning it, they had the haunting interest of hiding it.

Those sweet feminine Puritan ancestors, with their pretty hair under caps, their pretty figures enveloped in long, loose skirts, their pretty hands tucked away under cuffs, were taught that goodness was negative and beauty evil, that human delight was to be burned at the stake—they themselves did not suffer so much at the time because they were pretty and life was new and strange, and there was always the emotional excitement of the stake on the hillside lighted up expectedly by the thinker, the artist, the woman too human for her days.

It is the generations following these gray and black Puritan times that have suffered, a whole nation afraid of its body, a whole nation afraid of its spirit, emotionally without gestures, without facial expression, with emotions hidden under the old fear of the gallows. Puritanism enjoyed itself by having its own way for a few generations, in its arbitrary delight in the condemnation of every human foible except the destruction of humanity. But the children of the Puritans, "born in sin," and their children, and the generations which followed have been the people to suffer.

I can remember when I was a little girl not being allowed to lift my hands when I talked. It was not well-bred to express anything by a gesture. In fact, the whole nation, to within the last few years, has not dared lift its voice or hands; not dared express joy or delight,



A LITTLE EAST SIDE RUSSIAN CHILD dancing at the Neighborhood Theater in a special dance designed for the theater, and in costume made by herself: From a sketch by Esther Peck.



**ANOTHER DANCER OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD THEATER:**  
The pose and costume give one some impression of the beauty of the work which a group of people can accomplish, however limited their opportunities and simple their methods: From a sketch by Esther Peck.



**EAST SIDE CHILDREN DANCING** for an East Side audience: The charm of costume and pose is noticeable: These sketches are made from children living in the tenement districts without previous training or opportunity for dancing: From sketches by Esther Peck.



SKETCH OF A LITTLE RUSSIAN JEWESS of the East Side of New York: One of the most picturesque and charming exponents of dancing and democracy: From sketches by Esther Peck.

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or love or sorrow through the eyes or the mouth. The old Greek idea of a free spirit as well as a sound mind in a free body was not only not understood, not appreciated in America, but feared. The free spirit could not be born of Puritanism, and the free body can only be born of the free spirit. The painter can only put on his canvas what he feels in his soul. It is not enough for him to see and think. What he sees and thinks must be illuminated by his vision.

You cannot have in America, in England, the Fiji Islands, grace of motion, loveliness of expression, a body that expresses joy and health, unless the spirit of the people sees life sanely and joyously. Duty alone is not the foundation of progress. Every progressive nation must be a nation of balanced characteristics. It is not enough that we weep over pain,—we must be fluent to every joyous emotion if we are to walk erect, if we are to use our hands for fine gestures; our expression, our eyes, our mouths are to face the world and give it joy and intense emotion.

**P**ROBABLY nothing that either America has seen or felt or that Europe has created and appreciated has so tended to relate both the spirit and body in these last few years as the sudden and widespread enjoyment of dancing. Ten years ago there were very few people who danced in Europe or America except on the stage for the pleasure of paid audiences. Always people have danced in Italy and in Spain, and Brazil and in Argentine. These people express their emotion through dancing as freely as through their eyes or their voice or their art; but Northern countries had begun to stultify their bodies, hence their expressions were less fluent and their gestures repressed.

And then quite unexpectedly, without warning, as the spirit of art always comes, Miss Isadora Duncan began to dance, starting in San Francisco, moving on to Chicago, reaching New York in her flight and resting there for a few moments, and then moving swiftly on to Munich, Berlin, Paris, London and back to New York. We find all along the line of her winged travel that dancing sprang up as if by magic, the impress of her spirit remained, and those that saw and understood, and many who saw and did not understand, began at once to dance, until today all the world is dancing, or trying to dance with freedom of gesture, bare feet, and uncovered limbs.

It is a beautiful thing to have happened to the world. It is a marvelous thing for one woman to so impress her art upon the entire generation of her life time. Already we see the result of this dancing in our art, in our homes, in the health of our children, in the more emotionalized human race. We see the art of gesture, which is one

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way the body has of expressing itself beautifully, once more returning to the human race. We see people whose faces are less immobile, we see people on and off the stage with shining eyes and brilliant smiles and tender, beautiful mouths; we find a new respect in the world for emotion since we have begun to regard the expression of it as an art.

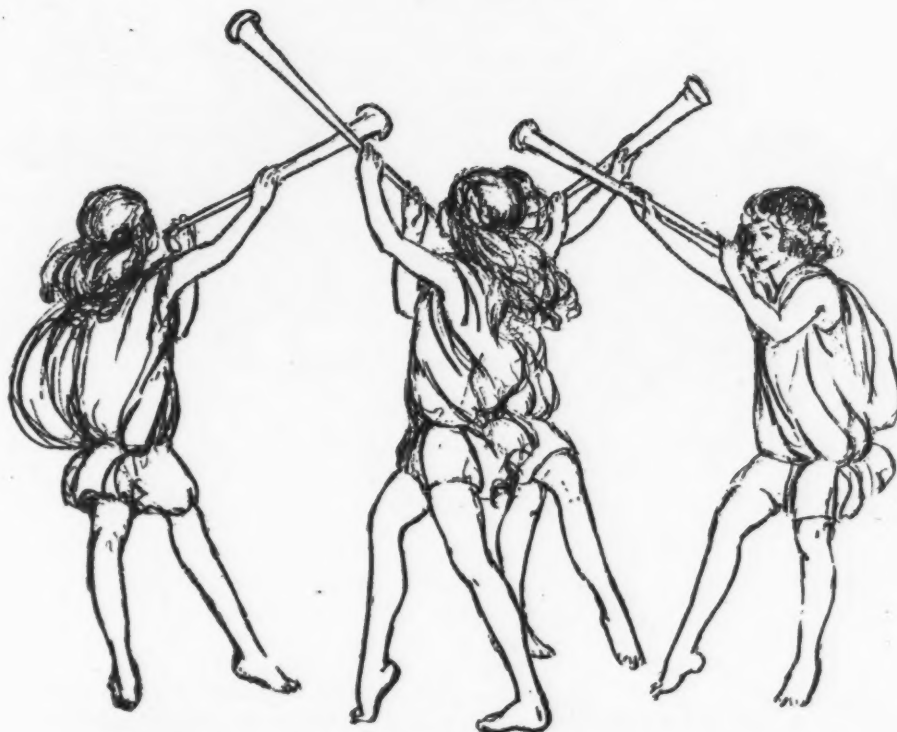
As a matter of fact the great fluent, plastic art of the world is dancing. It is the most democratic of all arts, it is the simplest, it is the most intimate. It is unquestionably, as we look past stupidity and convention, the greatest art of the people, and every human being is entitled not only to a beautiful body, but the impulse to move gracefully, and the power to use the impulse. We should walk for the delight of all who behold us; we should speak with music in our voices; we should make our gestures rich with the beauty and freedom of our spirits.

All of this we are learning to do through dancing, and the delight of motion must inevitably inspire our writers, our poets and our artists, and our art in turn must inspire the world to a greater appreciation of their capacity for beauty.

**T**HE CRAFTSMAN is presenting in this article some sketches by Esther Peck which we feel exactly illustrate the point made, that the body cannot be free and beautiful unless the soul is developed and fluent, and that an appreciation of life and love and beauty must react on the body. Fortunately for us, Miss Peck has shown us two quite different types of dancers. In some of her sketches we see children from Isadora Duncan's School, and we realize that a school for dancing is a school for beauty, a school for the development of the mind and the spirit as well as the body. The other sketches Miss Peck has made in the lower East Side of New York, where there is a settlement of Russian Jewish people, imaginative, sympathetic, and eager for beauty. Through the work of Miss Alice and Irene Lewisohn this part of New York has been made an art center; they have awakened a community spirit, they have built a theater, and best of all, they have let the young people of the community act in the theater, decorate the theater, plan clothes and dances. And Miss Peck's sketches give one a very real and brilliant idea of how universal is this dormant love of beauty, once given a medium.

It is an immensely vital thing that children should be allowed to grow up as beautiful as Nature meant them to be, that their spirits should be cultivated and joyous with a free delight in all beauty, that they should forget the Puritan prejudice against gesture and remember that the great forgotten art is pantomime, an art in which the

## DANCING AND DEMOCRACY



From  
a  
sketch  
of  
East  
Side  
Russian  
children  
in  
New  
York:  
By  
Esther  
Peck.

voice is never used, but through which a powerful drama is developed by gesture and expression.

A very interesting experience at the Neighborhood Theater in the Russian quarter in New York was the presentation of "Petrouchka," which The Russian Ballet has made famous, and which is the story of the Russian *Pierrot*. In this musical pantomime, the first scene presents a Russian market place filled with young people, and old, dancing and playing and moving joyously to the music of their own spirits. I saw "Petrouchka" in the Neighborhood Theater with the scene prepared for the theater by the young people, with decorations developed by them, with costumes designed by them, and when afterward I saw the Imperial Russian Ballet dance "Petrouchka" at the Metropolitan Opera House I saw no more grace of gesture, no more joy of motion, no more delight in art than I had witnessed at the Neighborhood Theater. Naturally I heard a finer orchestra, and as Nijinsky danced I saw the perfection of ballet dancing; but the young

## DANCING AND DEMOCRACY

From  
a  
sketch  
of  
Isadora  
Duncan's  
pupils:  
By  
Esther  
Peck.



people with bodies strong and fine, with spirits free and joyous, had done in the Russian quarter what young people may and should do the world over. With the least liberation of spirit and body they had found art for themselves, and they had found especially the great art of motion.

**W**E see thus why dancing is the great democratic art. It does not require a studio or a long training or expensive orchestras or electric lights,—it only requires an understanding that the body may be strong and beautiful, and the right to make it so, and the spirit that is sympathetic to beauty. In almost every child in the world there is a lurking impulse to dance. Children are closer to the rhythm of life, whatever that mysterious thing may be. Children who do not know about stage or ballroom dancing will with the sound of a hurdy-gurdy, whether it be a waltz, or a polka or a fox-trot, quickly fall into rhythm. They may not do the steps we know best, but they let their bodies bend to the rhythm—they feel it. It flows through their spirit as perfume is inhaled, or sound is expressed. It is only as we are older and stifled and hardened that we must stop and work in

## BY THE FIRE

order to *learn* to dance. Birds do not *learn* to fly or fishes to swim. Just the air or the water is all that is necessary.

It is quite equally true that beautiful motion is just as much the right of every child, providing the spirit has been left untrammelled and its body has been given health and nourishment.

We trust that the inevitable result of all this dancing throughout the world will be a better understanding of the rights of childhood; sweeter spirit of freedom for young people, a greater chance for beauty of body to express that freedom.

## BY THE FIRE

I HAD a little boy a few years old,  
And we were chums together, oft we strolled,  
In the first cool of evening, yards and yards  
Beyond the picket-palisade that guards  
Our peas and carrots from the neighbor's sheep.  
We knew a cedar where the gray squirrels keep  
Their choicest nuts till Christmas, and a stone  
That shines like silver. One day, all alone  
In the old thorn, we found a broody dove  
Upon her nest, her mother-heart above  
The warm, white eggs, and next night as we stood  
Watching for wonders in the little wood,  
On trampled grass and plantain leaves we found  
Two little naked doves stretched on the ground.  
We laid them on the moss beneath the thorn  
And covered them with briar buds, new-born.  
It seemed so sad the little things should die  
Before they taught their tiny wings to fly.

To-night I sit here, silent, by the fire,  
And watch the young sparks leap in wild desire—  
Poor, hopeless stars, they perish in the same  
Cruel moment that they leave the mother flame.

O God, it seems so strange, your way,  
That unfledged doves, and sparks,  
And sturdy little boys should so soon pass away.

LEEBOY FREEMAN JACKSON.



## MISS ALICIA: A CHRISTMAS STORY: BY LAURA SIMMONS



**W**HATEVER his internal disabilities, Mr. T. Andrew, outwardly at least, typified that fatally expressive euphemism—"well-preserved." Gingerly, and with an apprehensive, hunted look, now fast becoming chronic, he sidled across America's finest avenue, in a dogged determination to bridge the gap between Sherry's and Delmonico's alive. "Sidled" is writ advisedly, for with every motion the old gentleman was acutely and fearfully conscious of his doctor's admonitions: "No haste, no worry, no excess in eating; no late hours—" and all the other formidable "Don'ts."

Miss G. Alicia (yes, it was indeed she, and none other) was just emerging from Del's, in haste to achieve Sherry's across the way—and that explains why the two friends of, say, thirty-five years, nearly collided at the corner of Forty-fourth street.

"Why, Andrew—!"

"God bless my soul—Miss Alicia!"

"But you were in Egypt—and India—"

"And you went prowling off to Rome and Japan—"

The gay holiday crush swept them into seats in the Delmonico lobby. Mournfully they watched the younger society set, dining and wining at the tea-tables; the contemplation seemed at once to inspire them with a fresh realization of their own pathological woes.

"Yes—just fairly comfortable, Miss Alicia; but such an infernal diet! I fancy there's no doubt but I'm in a pretty bad way," the poor old Brummel stifled a sepulchral groan—which gave a chance to the lady to break in, not to be outdone in any recital of misery:

"Shocking—perfectly tragic! But did you never hear, Andrew, about my being given up to die by my Italian doctor? I'd love to tell you about it some time. Diet! Why, everything I eat goes—"

"Straight to your stomach?"

They smiled wanly—a sort of seventh smile of a seventh smile; one

## MISS ALICIA: A CHRISTMAS STORY

must have one's bit of facetiae even in a suffering and despairing universe.

"If only these pillmen weren't so devilishly callous—and fallible—and opinionated, dear Miss Alicia!"

Miss G. Alicia's cheeks, whipped pink by the December gale, took on a deeper hue, most becoming to near-sixty and to gray curls unexceptionally marcelled. "Fallible! Andrew, believe me—I haven't really had a day's health since I consulted one thirty years ago! And now it's milk, that's simply *poison* to me—positively feeding my arthritis! What *is* one to believe?"

"Paxton calls it my heart, of late—the last symptom, you know; probably the end—" A certain melancholy triumph was discernible in Mr. Andrew's tones, somewhat surprising in view of his fast approaching doom.

"He tells me he won't answer for me in event of any undue exertion—"

"How awful! Are you sure there's no hope? Though I am nearly as badly off myself! It leaves little enough for us in life—don't you think?" murmured Miss Alicia, pathetically.

"You see, I can understand, because I, too, have suffered; whereas this heartless younger generation—" The old lady shuddered, shrugging her disdain at even attempting to express the inexpressible (in other words, the inhumanity and cold-blooded indifference of certain young folks she could mention).

Just at this moment T. Andrew hastily excused himself, only to reappear immediately with a single exquisite gardenia boutonniere, its thick white petals heavy with the ineffable scent of jasmine.

In his own lapel was twisted a tiny sprig of mistletoe. Certainly the old beau has lost none of his former chivalry—as he presented—nor the belle aught of her old-time grace as she accepted—the lovely tribute.

Friends of the neighboring tables smiled and nodded across to the old aristocrats. The old world, it seemed, was still pleasing, still kindly intentioned, after all!

"Er—I say, Miss Alicia, mightn't we just venture on a cup of tea and toast? I feel as though it might pick me up a bit—"

Listlessly—as befitting two people so soon to depart this vale of tears—they sipped the golden Pekoe and nibbled marmalade toast de luxe.

"It is so helpful, so comforting, to talk to one who speaks from experience; it means more to me than medicine, dear Alicia. You are so restful, so understanding!"

"*Understanding* is good, Andrew. Harken to my wretched diary

## MISS ALICIA: A CHRISTMAS STORY\*

for the opening of the glad New Year: Monday, foot doctor; Tuesday, electricity for my neuritis; Wednesday, massage; Thursday, a specialist on autointoxication with reference to my insomnia—"

"Insomnia! Now you have said it, Alicia! What I have endured—"

"I could write volumes!" burst forth the lady passionately, but checked herself at the sudden gleam of speculation in his eye.

"Gad! Isn't that my scamp of a grandnephew over yonder—beneath those palms?"

"Truly—and with my grandniece, Andrew. We are—getting along, aren't we?" The little lady dropped her lorgnette with a heavy sigh.

"Alicia, you've no idea what a moribund old fossil I am to that college kid! Believe me, if you could hear his comments upon 'my day'—"

"My poor Andrew! And my grandnieces—" Miss Alicia dabbled her eyes furtively. "But never mind; life at our age is such a hold-up, anyhow—a veritable thug! I've come to believe it's our craven fear, our secret shrinking from its brutalities, that keeps us ailing, and timorous, and half alive. This growing sense of isolation, the lack of decent human consideration—" The poor old lady's voice faltered dangerously near a sob.

"Just plain damned loneliness, Alicia—er—by the way"—his truculent accents sank to a beseeching whisper of a sudden—"would you—could you take a chance with me on a morsel of squab and a thimble of claret?"

"Oh, Andrew," gasped Miss Alicia; "Paxton strictly forbids—"

"Paxton be—blowed! I know it's on the list, but if you're sport enough for just a shred—a mere shred—of guinea-hen—" His eyes glowed with a magnificent recklessness. She gazed at him adoringly, ecstatically.

"It might kill me. It's been years and years—but, oh, it sounds just heavenly—"

That splendid superman, the head waiter, was already bending over them. Into the old gentleman's face crept a curious mixture of craft and ferocious determination.

"Alicia, I ought to be on the Drive 'bus this very moment to see Paxton about a prescription—"

"Me, too—I must hurry along."

"I say, Alicia, *let's not!* What do you say to a cabaret instead?"

Then as she stared at him speechlessly, twisting her small hands in rapturous indecision:

"We have such a mere fraction of life left at best, Alicia, dear—"

## MISS ALICIA: A CHRISTMAS STORY

"Oh, Andrew! I was trying to remember—any excitement—any late hour. Oh, won't it be perfectly *gorgeous*?" she finished in gleeful irrelevance.

"And you can tell me all about that time you were given up to die in India. You must have suffered perfect *agony*! I'd so love to hear it."

"Yes, five years ago this Christmas week. And what about your breakdown in Rome? Must have been something frightful."

"Oh, I'm crazy to tell you. Won't it be *grand*?"

"And you know there's a most entertaining new theory about nervous indigestion. It has been *wonderful* to meet you again, Alicia."

It was eleven-thirty (nine was Paxton's limit) before their taxi drew up in front of Miss Alicia's sober old brownstone front in the East Thirties, just off Madison.

Radiant, but outwardly composed, she entered, followed by a stately, dignified old gentleman who beamed with unwonted but joyful agitation.

"Now, don't forget the Poster Exhibit, Monday, and that Tapes-try Auction, Tuesday—an event, I assure you, Alicia! We'll have to cancel Paxton again. I say, Alicia"—he broke into a chuckle of the utmost contentment and derision—"that Tokay never touched me! What do you know?"

The lady giggled and shook a warning finger: "Your nephews—what if they send for an alienist?"

Mr. T. Andrew murmured something truly appalling about grand-nephews in general—his own in particular. His patrician features took on a deep mulberry hue: "Let them send; let them call it *senile dementia* or any other dope! I'm going again, or rather *we* are! My money's my own yet, thank God. What's Holiday Week good for? And as for your nieces, what they don't know won't hurt 'em. We should worry!"

Miss Alicia shivered.

"If they ever heard about the cabaret—and the guinea hen—it would be a sanitarium at least, Andrew," faintly.

"Alicia"—with sudden terrific emphasis he brought his plump white fist down upon Miss Alicia's frail Sheraton muffin table—"I'm going to have a snack of lobster stew tomorrow if it murders me in my bed. If I die, at any rate I die a hero's death; 'tis a noble cause!"

"And—oh, Andrew—if I might just dare a bit of Benedictine omelette—and a *creme Yvette*—oh!"

"And coffee—"

"You used to like a dash of cognac in it, Andrew." Miss Alicia's

### MISS ALICIA: A CHRISTMAS STORY

delicate near-sixty face glowed like a Killarney rose as she stooped to start the asbestos fire log.

"I hate to have to receive you like this, Andrew—and on Christmas Eve, too! Gas logs. Somehow they always seem typical of my life—always the husk—the imitation—with no real cheer or—or feeling. The next time you come we'll have driftwood, and dreams—a real, true fireplace."

Deftly Mr. Brummel had extracted the tiny mistletoe bough and slipped it amongst the pretty silver curls. He bent his handsome old head and ever so gently kissed the slim jeweled fingers.

"Listen, Alicia. Let's not die just yet, you and I; let's coöperate! Fire Paxton to begin with, and just try what chumming, and comforting, and sympathizing will do for us, Alicia, dearest. I challenge you!"

Miss Alicia sobbed upon his broadcloth bosom.

"Oh, Andrew, if you knew how tired I was of being just—just a gas log. I feel as though I'd just love to try you—like the guinea hen—Andrew, darling."

The glow from the hearth lit their tired faces into undying youth again as it burned on, prosaically, steadily indifferent to the extraordinary behaviour of these absurd juveniles.

For, gentle reader, know that a gas log may be ever so efficient and dependable—and well regulated—and well intentioned.

But it lacks temperament; it can never understand and never thrill. It is never anything but a gas log after all.



## PAUL CLERGET IN XMAS PANTOMIME: THE VALUE OF HIS EXQUISITE ART TO ALL AMERICA



EARLY all children, and most grown up people who possess the holiday spirit, think of a pantomime as somehow connected with the Christmas festival. Harlequin, Pantaloon and Columbine seem like fairy folk who are born again for the few weeks of merry making and present giving. Everywhere in France and still in many towns in England the children's delight at Christmas time is in the Christmas pantomime, and there are fresh Pierrot plays written season after season which tell the same old story of the sad loves of Pierrot and the gay, heartbreaking beauty of Columbine. The Russian Ballet has given us this season a most delightful presentation of "Petrouchka," the Russian Pierrot, the same story that was told years ago in Italy in the beginning of the pantomime performances, in France in the seventeenth century, and at Drury Lane in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Christmas pantomime, and the Christmas tree, and the Christ child—these are the thrilling romances of childhood that reappear the world over every year.

Oddly enough, pantomime did not begin with the modern Pierrot story in Paris or London. But well back in Roman history, in the Augustan Age, pantomime was first presented in the open air theater, where it was almost impossible to hear the voice, in fact, where facial expression could not carry, and the whole story was told through the motion of the body, most of the pantomimists wearing masks. The most celebrated pantomimists were Bathyllus, in comedy, and Pylades and Hylas in tragedy. The delight of this form of entertainment continued through the Roman days down into Italy, where we first find Harlequin, Pantaloon and Columbine. And at this time the ballet and the pantomime were almost hopelessly interwoven as they are today in the Ballet Russe.

Although America has had some early pantomime stories, especially for children, such as "Humpty-Dumpty," "Bluebeard," "Cinderella" and "Little Red Riding Hood," we have never had quite the demand in this country for the Christmas pantomime that springs from the heart of the children in Europe every winter.

This season, happily, we have a rare pantomime to gladden our hearts, which is meeting with great enthusiasm from the lovers of poetry and fairy lore, in the production of "L'Enfant Prodigue," with Paul Clerget in the rôle of *Pierrot's Father*. Those of us who have seen pantomime in Europe, in Belgium and in France, realize that it is entirely a distinct art, that it is not merely gesture and facial ex-



Paul  
Clerget  
and  
Marjorie  
Patterson  
as  
Pierrot's  
Father  
and  
Pierrot.

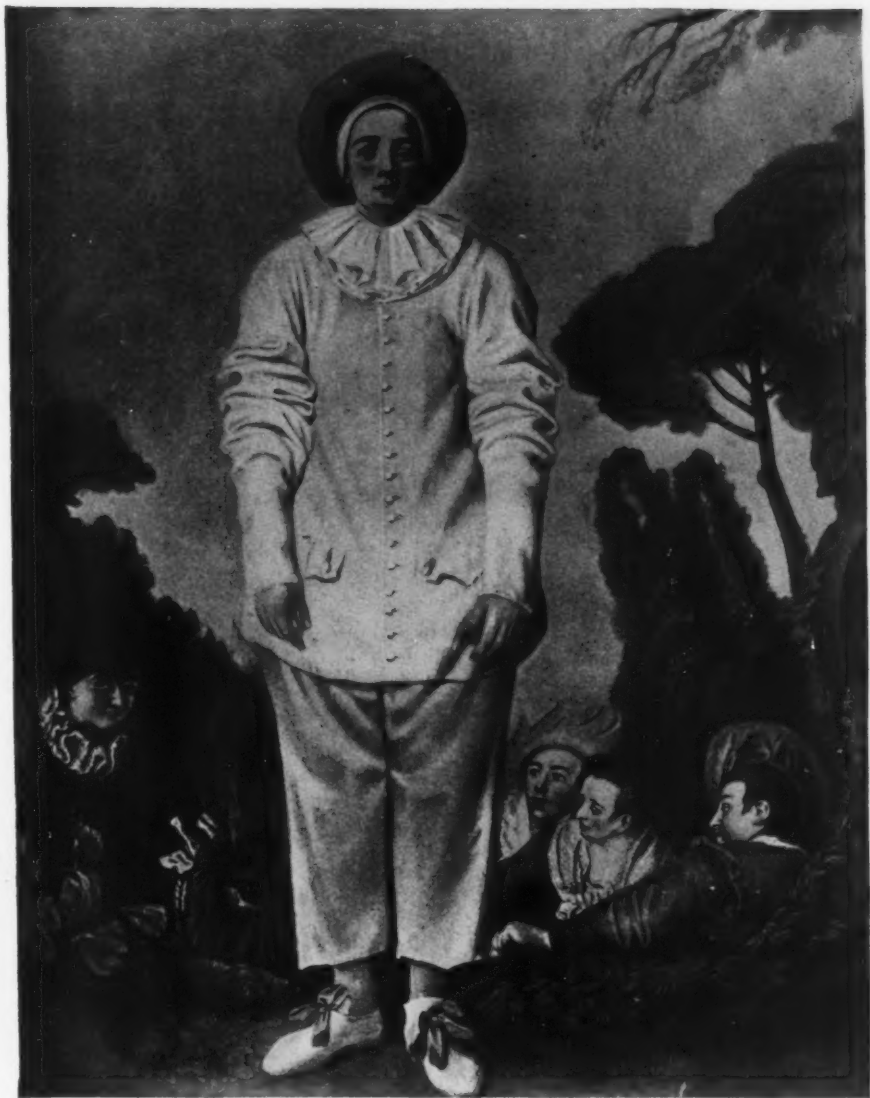
## PAUL CLERGET IN XMAS PANTOMIME

pression without words; that it is only possible when a human being is imbued with ideas and emotion, flexible of body, fluent of spirit, so that the utmost comedy, romance and tragedy can be expressed without effort and without sound. It is extraordinary how completely Paul Clerget gives you the impression of his thoughts without using his voice. Whether he is gay, contented, sad, tragic, he has only to stand before you, lift a hand, smile or sigh, and the feeling of his heart, the thought of his brain are presented to you as though written on an open page.

**P**AUL CLERGET is a supreme artist in pantomime; in fact, one loses all impression that words are valuable or that the voice is necessary for human communication in the presentation of his exquisite and subtle art. Usually, in fact in all pantomime that has ever been presented in America, one has received the impression of *effort not to speak*, the feeling that the player is attempting to substitute gesture for voice. You see a certain tightening about the mouth as if in a moment or so all would be made clear with words. In the moving pictures, for instance, there is an opportunity for rare pantomime performance, and yet the people actually do speak, and lips are forever moving without sound as though gesture must depend upon vocal utterance, and as though facial expression could not be achieved without the sound of the voice.

In Paul Clerget's performance of *Pierrot's Father*, you realize that he has achieved the absolute control of the body, that he has found the secret of beautiful motion and the immense value to life which it has, proving that most of us are living with half the capacity for expression that is really intended to be at our service. We seem to rely wholly upon the voice, the eye, for our communication with life; whereas beautiful motion is the most universal art in the world and should be at the command of every human being, not only for his use, but for the pleasure of the world.

We have made a great study of efficiency in this country, without realizing for a moment that the greatest efficiency in the world could be secured by the right use of the body, that we are wasting our emotion, wasting our strength, wasting our capacity for achievement every day because we do not use our bodies gracefully and intelligently. If we realized that the gestures we made, that walking, sitting down, or standing up, that every expression of the face, every movement of the hands, should accomplish the utmost possible with



*Courtesy of Mr. Waich  
of The Little Theater*

**A WATTEAU PRINT OF THE EARLY FRENCH SCARAMOUC**  
COSTUME from which Paul Clerget designed his own costume in present-  
ing "Scaramouch," which also has evidently served as a model for the  
costume which Sarah Bernhardt wore when she played "Pierrot" in Paris.



PAUL CLERGET IN THE COSTUME OF "PIERROT'S FATHER"  
as played in "Pierrot the Prodigal" in the New York engagement.



PAUL CLERGET AS "PIERROT'S FATHER" in  
"L'Enfant Prodigue" posed with "Pierrot's Mother."



*Courtesy of Mr. Walch  
of The Little Theater*

**SARAH BERNHARDT AS "PIERROT" in  
the performance of "L'Enfant Prodigue" given  
in Paris: From an unpublished photograph.**

## PAUL CLERGET IN XMAS PANTOMIME

the utmost economy of expenditure of force, we would achieve twice as much with half the ordinary effort. We make frantic gestures that are ungraceful and express nothing; we hurry when it is not necessary, we let our voice grow harsh and loud, and yet all that we want to do could be done efficiently with grace and pleasure if we understood the art of pantomime.

**I**T is the most human of all arts, the most essential to the development of the race. It is not enough for us that we love color, that we realize music, that we understand drama and sculpture. This is purely an intellectual achievement, and in no way enlarges our capacity for creative accomplishment. The audience is seldom the artist, and our civilization today is given up to the development of the audience; partly because our audiences have the greater commercial value, partly because the lesser human capacity for seeing beauty can be moulded into an audience. But it is not a good thing for a nation to permit itself to become only the listener, the onlooker. The people who contribute to the progress of the world, to the development of their own nation are not the onlookers, but the people who create, who discover new trails out to beauty, who have the pioneer spirit in art. And the more fluent the spirit, the more flexible the body, the greater is the opportunity to express whatever vision is possessed.

THE CRAFTSMAN feels that Paul Clerget's art is a great gift to this country, that he is saying more to the public than all the essays that were ever written on the subject of creative development. Perhaps he would not like to have us say that he is preaching one of the most important sermons ever presented to the American public, far more important to us than to France or England or any emotionalized nation. We are a reticent people, given to thinking much and saying little. A sense of gesture has almost gone out of the land; we have folded our hands to express our successful attitude toward life, instead of using them in beautiful, graceful gesture to express our joy in life.

I can remember when I was quite a little girl having my hands tied behind me because I found it impossible not to use them when I talked; it was considered not at all elegant for me to add gesture to my voice. It was several years after this discipline had ceased before I ever used them with any happiness in explaining things where words were not quite ample. All children are ready to use

Pierrot's  
Father  
and  
Pierrot.



## PAUL CLERGET IN XMAS PANTOMIME

gesture. All normal children run and dance and use their hands merrily, just as their eyes have the starlit quality and their voices the lovely overtone of music. And then we older people train them away from all this natural beauty. We make them stiff and self-conscious and the music goes out of their voice and their eyes grow dim.

It would be wonderful if all children in America could see Paul Clerget act, if they could understand what a marvelous opportunity the flexibility of the face gives to express thought, how delightfully wit flows about the eyes, what an expressive thing beyond any sound the true gesture of the hand is. I am sure all children would love Paul Clerget and I am sure they would understand him even better than many grown up people do. They would know instantly all his thoughts, they would know just in a second his emotion, because especially the little children would be so much closer to his beautiful understanding of life.

**W**E are very fortunate in having him with us for this delightful Christmas pantomime—"Pierrot, the Prodigal." It is one of the first good things the war has brought us, because just at present Mr. Clerget's theater in Brussels is in the hands of the Germans, and his beautiful art was of course suppressed. For seven years before the war he managed and controlled the Alhambra Theater in the Belgian capital, where he produced many artistic successes, ranging all the way from delightful pantomime to Eugene Brieux's "Menage d'Artiste," Maurice Donnay's "L'Amant," and Croissy's "Le Main Coupable," as well as melodramas by Pierre Wolf and Decourcelle. For Paul Clerget is a most accomplished "legitimate" actor as well as the most subtle pantomimist of the century.

It is quite extraordinary how simple this wonderful art is, how inevitable every gesture, how eloquent the expression of his face without effort or distortion, and how intensely dramatic is his voiceless sorrow and tragedy! Paul Clerget believes, and I am sure everyone who has seen him must agree with him, that every actor should have a fundamental training in pantomime, that although he may use his voice, he should understand how to express emotions great and small without a sound, and that a thorough study of pantomime would give the actor greater precision in expressing thought, greater suppleness of gesture, richer facial expression and a greater sureness in all the beauty of his art.

It would be of immense value to the moving picture actor for better expression. It would lift this American type of silent drama, so far removed from the pantomime of Rome and Italy and France,

*(Continued on page 295.)*



## PICTURE FIREPLACES: ILLUSTRATING STORIES FOR SITTING ROOM, LI- BRARY AND NURSERY

**O**N the night before Christmas, in the good old days of the long ago, jolly Kriss Kringle, with his swift-footed Dasher and Dancer, Prancer and Vixen, Comet and Cupid, and Dunder and Blitzen, flew swift as the wind over the frozen fields and snow covered house tops, straight to the homes of all good little boys and girls. With his pack over his shoulder

he slid down chimneys, and quick as a wink filled the flat little stockings that hung in a row across the fireplace, so full of beautiful dolls and tin soldiers and red balls and golden oranges, that they bulged and overflowed as delightfully as his own humpy, bumpy pack. New sleds and rocking horses, shining skates and doll houses and other such delectable things too large to get into little stockings, he stood around in fascinating rows where they glowed in the firelight until they seemed too wonderful to be real. Then with a hearty laugh he vanished up the chimney again. No matter how small and sooty the chimney, or how fiercely burned the fire on the hearth, St. Nicholas slipped down and then up again like a lovely flashing thought, for he was a truly marvelous person. He never stopped for a minute to warm his hands at the fire, for Christmas Eve was a busy time for him, and the children's nurseries were not as fascinating places then as they are nowadays. But if Kriss Kringle should happen to come this Christmas night to a nursery where little stockings hung around a Bluebeard picture fireplace or one where Bible stories were told in colored tile, then indeed he might stay for awhile to look at them. No such delightful coloring arrested him in the old days.

The old fireplaces were fine indeed, for they were deep and wide enough for cosy seats within them where grandmother and grandfather could sit snugly and watch the Yule log burn, or keep the spit turning slowly, or knit warm mittens, or tell fairy stories. Those

The  
Arkansas  
Traveler  
myth  
told  
in  
richly  
colored  
tile  
for  
the  
library  
fireplace.

## PICTURE FIREPLACES

great chimney corners were just such places as housewives took great pride in and around which the whole family could gather after the day's work was over, but still they could not show as merry facings as these modern story fireplaces. Some of these modern tiles set around the present day nursery fires are copies of very ancient stove plates showing scenes from the Bible. Here little children can see in raised figures in rich, unglazed browns, grays, yellow white and reddish ochre fading into black such familiar scenes as the Flight into Egypt, Samson showing his prowess at the gate, the molten calf, Abraham and Isaac, the wedding feast, the Miracle at Cana; here he will see Adam and Eve, David and Jonathan, Cain and Abel, all

Border  
of  
relief  
tiles  
set  
in  
light  
cement.



arranged before him as picture object lessons that he can put his little hand upon and make friends with as though they were dolls.

Then there are many modern stories, fairy stories and nursery tales, such as Bluebeard with his great key and his terrible castle. The Bluebeard tiles show Sister Anne climbing the tower steps, the good brothers galloping madly to the rescue, they show the chatelaine spinning at the door, the forbidden chamber and many other wonderful scenes from that beloved tale.

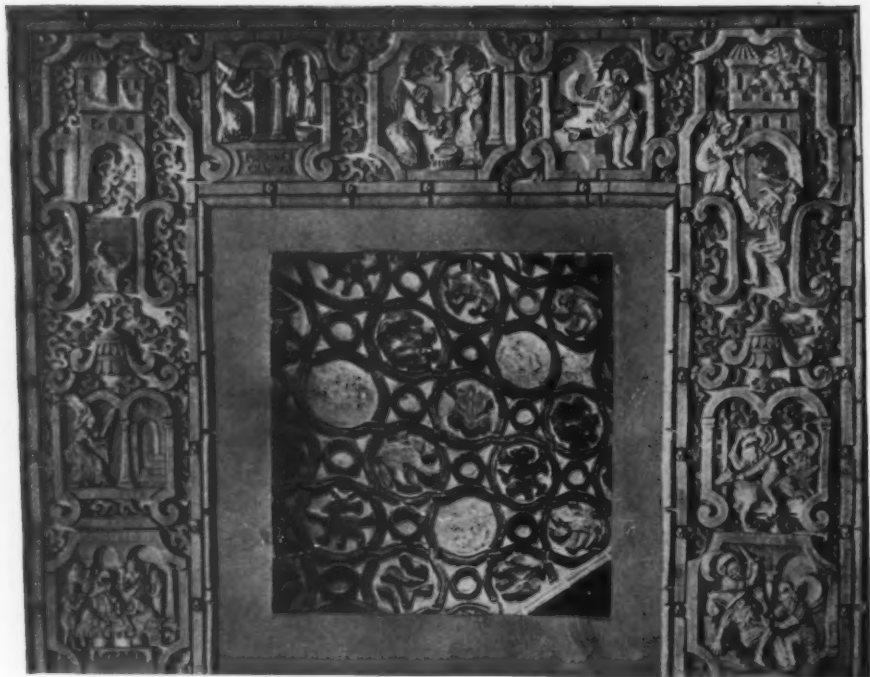
**T**HERE are picture tiles for the library and the great halls of the grown-up people, for hunting lodges or dining-rooms, for any place, in fact, where legend can be worked out in clay, burned in richest colors, and used as decoration. Every American



*Illustrations in this article by courtesy  
of the Moravian Tile Co.*



**BIBLE STORIES IN TILE** for the children's room fireplace, copied from ancient stone plates: The Knight of Nuremberg, shown at the left, could be sunk in plain cement fireplaces, as an insert at the corners.



BLUEBEARD AND HIS CASTLE,  
Sister Anne and the good brothers, form  
the subject of this fireplace: Within is  
shown an arrangement of brocade tiles in  
a network of old English pattern: The  
Goose Girl at the left is to be used in  
wall or fireplace face.

## PICTURE FIREPLACES

remembers the musical myth of the Arkansas Traveler. Who would not like to have that tale of American frontier life told in charming colors, round the open hunting lodge fire! The Arkansas Traveler set of tiles show the stranger lost in the woods; his meeting with the old squatter seated upon a stump before his nearly roofless log house. One can guess at the reluctant conversation between the old squatter and the inquisitive traveler, and see how the squatter's incivility was vanquished when the traveler picks up his violin and begins to play. Then the whole scene is set in motion. The boy and the old lady dance merrily and invite the traveler to have a pull at the demijohn and to sleep on the only dry spot in the house.

For the library there is a Pickwick fireplace showing Mr. Tupman and his horse, Pickwick in the pond, Tony Weller and the parson, the fat boy interrupting the lovers, Sam Weller and the housemaid. There is also a Rip Van Winkle fireplace set showing him leaving his house, bearing the cask, drinking the enchanted draft, the dwarf's merry game of ten pins, his long sleep, his awakening and return as a stranger to his home. These are all worked out delightfully with interludes of window, tree branches, and fret-work in rich, unglazed tones of browns, yellow and ochres.

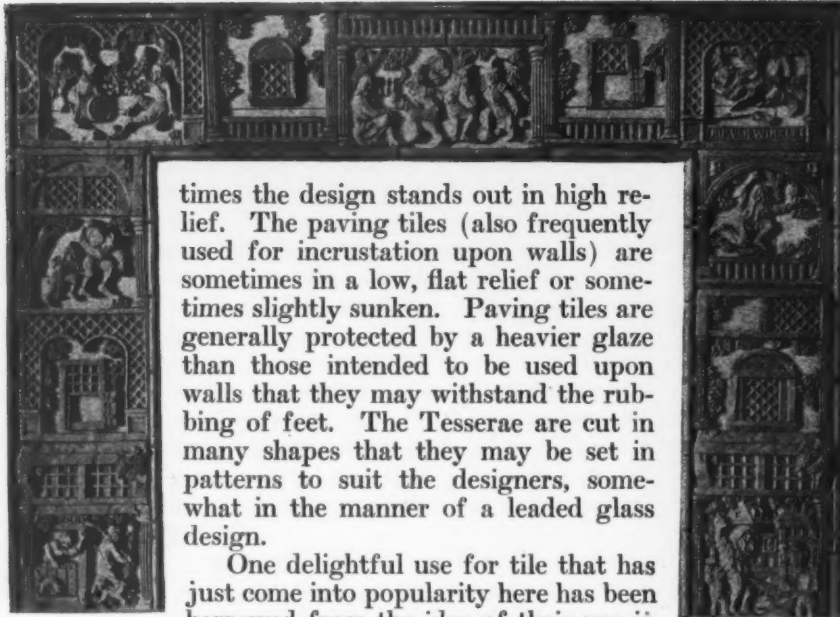
Two of the sets of tile we are showing are called the New World Fireplaces. These are more formal in handling and symbolic in design. There is the first tree house, the Fountain of Youth, the departure of Columbus, the treasure of Montezuma, the landing of Columbus and the Indians worshipping the life-giving sun. The second group deals with the crossing of the Bering Straits, with Venezuela, El Dorado, with Montezuma, Pizarro and the Incas.

For those who do not wish such elaborate decorations, who like a plain, flat concrete surface, there are many tiles of Mother Goose and fairy tales that can be separately pushed into the soft concrete as single medallions, set at the corners. For such uses and for the hearth beneath the feet there are reproductions of old Spanish and Arabian tiles. One can have the four prophets, the goose-girl, a knight of Gloucester, the Roman eagle, the Spanish hippogriff, Spanish dolphins and sea-horses, birds of great Kimble, the lion of Castile and many other subjects, all of excellent color and interesting form.

There is always a great decorative charm in tile, no matter whether used as facing of a fireplace, as inset in garden walls, the floor, or in fountain, or in pavements. There is scarcely a color, plain or clouded, or a motive of flower, leaf, scroll, oval or square, taken from history, religion, romance or fairy tale that cannot be found already worked out for us in rich glazes or in soft, unpolished colors. Sometimes the tiles are incised with a pattern in a different color clay, some-

## PICTURE FIREPLACES

Rip  
Van  
Winkle  
design  
in  
tile  
for  
the  
face  
of  
a  
hall  
fireplace.



times the design stands out in high relief. The paving tiles (also frequently used for incrustation upon walls) are sometimes in a low, flat relief or sometimes slightly sunken. Paving tiles are generally protected by a heavier glaze than those intended to be used upon walls that they may withstand the rubbing of feet. The Tesserae are cut in many shapes that they may be set in patterns to suit the designers, somewhat in the manner of a leaded glass design.

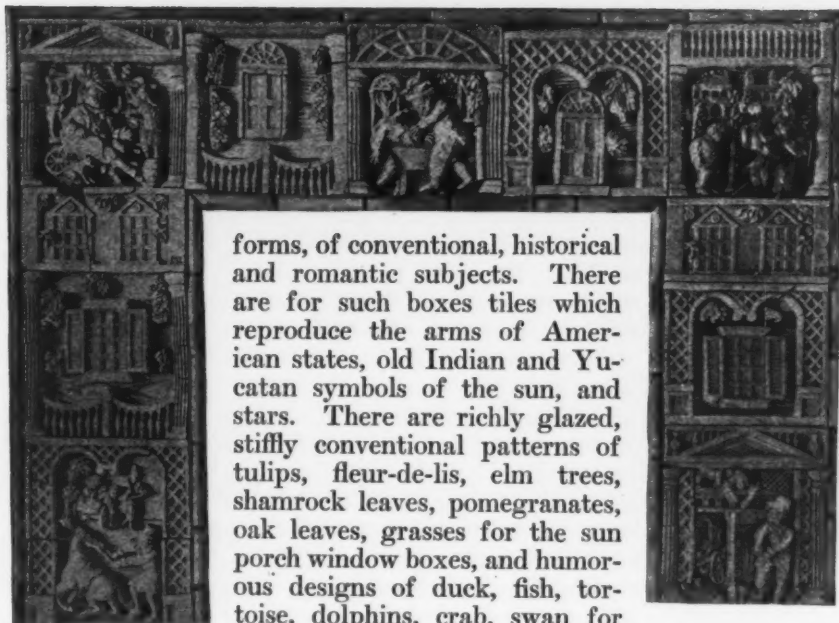
One delightful use for tile that has just come into popularity here has been borrowed from the idea of their use in

Persian gardens, that is to form copings about a bed of flowers. When a garden's path is outlined with highly colored tiles about six inches in height, when the path is inlaid with the same bright tile, then the garden is beautiful even in the winter time. Perhaps the original use of tile in gardens came from the lack of flower color during most of the year. Surely next to the living color provided by the flowers, no more attractive way of beautifying the garden could be conceived. In the West we have seen pools for the garden lined with bright blue tile. In such "mirrors of the sky" there is no need for aquatic plants, because the color shimmers and changes with every breath of wind as it touches the water.

A suggestion for the introduction of color in the city streets may be found in the use of medallions set in concrete window boxes. It is a simple matter to make such window boxes at home. The tile is held in place by wire nails against the inside of the mold, that should be filled with concrete. The liquid concrete flows around these tiles (which are made exceptionally rough on the back), and are thus firmly incorporated in the box. This is also a good method of introducing color in plant tubs.

For window boxes and plant tubs there are great varieties of tile in both high and low relief, in rectangular, triangular, geometrical

## PICTURE FIREPLACES



Pickwick  
fireplace  
in  
shades  
of  
unglazed  
leather—  
brown,  
gray,  
yellow  
white  
and  
reddish  
ochre  
shading  
to  
black.

forms, of conventional, historical and romantic subjects. There are for such boxes tiles which reproduce the arms of American states, old Indian and Yucatan symbols of the sun, and stars. There are richly glazed, stiffly conventional patterns of tulips, fleur-de-lis, elm trees, shamrock leaves, pomegranates, oak leaves, grasses for the sun porch window boxes, and humorous designs of duck, fish, tortoise, dolphins, crab, swan for

the children's rooms or play-porch. Mural tile in silhouette, cut free of the background, used with artistic judgment, make exceedingly rich looking boxes for windows or tubs at doorways of city houses, giving them an interest and providing the color solution needed in our dull streets. To be used in connection with such individual tile as we have just mentioned are narrow border-tile in flower, scroll and rope form that can be set around the edge.

The walls of ancient Chaldea, so we read in "A History of Ornament," by A. D. F. Hamlin, were made beautiful with a mosaic fashioned of small cones of terra-cotta. This method of wall ornamentation forms one of the oldest known methods of introducing color and pattern in dwelling houses. The flat, exposed bases of these little cones were enamelled in various colors. It is easy to appreciate the ease with which patterns were worked out with such cones, made in many colors.

The old Assyrians made much use of the human figure, and of lions and bulls in their tile designs, which were set above the doorway, in pavements, garden walls, pools and fountains. These tiles, made in strong, crude colors, are still the inspiration for all modern designers of tile, both in subject and color. The human figure, grotesques,

*(Continued on page 287.)*

## THE LECTURE: A STORY: BY PAULA JAKOBI



LIMOUSINES and more limousines.

Why is the street blocked with limousines—this street full of men's clubs?

Is the perpetual candidate breakfasting at the Harvard Club?

Is the President of the Borough of Manhattan receiving the Street Cleaning Department from the City Club?

Or are the Immortals holding a convention at the New Century Club?

No. The limousines which block the street are filled with women.

It is early. Only ten o'clock in the morning and the women surge from their cars. They are besieging the entrance to a great theater.

Oh, for the days of the scalper. Is it too late?

There is no one at the window of the box-office.

Alone, the stranger hurries to secure a ticket for the play.

Just a frivolous ticket for a play.

Why is there so great a crowd standing about the closed doors?

Is there a censored play to be produced for the élite?

Or can it be a meeting of fashionable pickets?

No, it is only a lecture.

Then why do they push so about the closed doors?

Is the lecture not announced for an hour later?

It is extraordinary. Why do they push so?

Women. Groups of women, crowds of women, throngs of women.

Creatures with delicate tastes. Pushing, crowding, elbowing.

And perfumed. Jicky, sandal, orris and musk, *apres l'ondé*.

And voices. Voices nasal, coarse voices and many high pitched.

Furs. Sable, fox—blue and silver, baby lamb.

Seal, more sable. And pearls.

Chatelaine bags of cut steel and of gold.

Women. Groups of women, crowds of women, throngs of women.

To hear a lecture!

In huge semi-circle they press around closed doors.

The kind lady at the door beseeches them not to push, not to hurry.

In soothing tones she tells them there are seats for all.

Furthermore that it is not ladylike to push.

But if pushed ahead then shove the offender back.

A door is open. Bing!

A football scrimmage is nothing to it.

Into the darkened theater they rush.

## THE LECTURE: A STORY

They do not look it, but they are strong—these doughty Amazons of the morning!

Elbows and heels serve them in good stead.

And yet no rich furs are torn, no pearls wrested from delicate necks.

No one is killed in the shuffle.

They sit shoulder to shoulder.

The sleek, well fed, well groomed, well brushed, well powdered.

One woman with punctual husband, adoring children, perfectly trained servants, well ordered home.

She is asking herself: "Why did I come this morning?

Is not my home complete? Why go beyond it?"

And the pretty, plump, soft-eyed, well dressed daughter of the house with her well dressed chum.

They giggle and whisper low in the darkened theater.

No one can imagine what they whisper and giggle about.

And the old, old woman with carefully arranged massaged face and carefully adjusted marcelled wig.

With priceless jewels playing like castanettes on shrivelled fingers.

With a thousand hidden pains of age.

Morbidly introspective she asks herself:

"Why cannot I buy a cessation of time's whirl?

Why cannot I set the wheels in the opposite direction?

If only hope and expectation and warmth of life could be mine!

Instead of cold isolation. Isolation through fatigue, sickness, ugliness, death!

But I must escape myself. The lecture will help me to forget."

And next, one who looks as discreet as her sisters, perhaps more discreet.

There is nothing bizarre in her attire.

Who would know that she is ostracized from society?

Then what draws her here?

Only a desire to get in touch with things as they were long ago.

To sit next to the kind that were her kind then.

To get away from scents and sounds grown hideously distasteful.

To hear words with another meaning than the language spoken around her.

This language so different it is almost foreign to her.

The young woman with heart throbbing fast, big with child, big with hope.

## THE LECTURE

Listening to the message of things achieved.

The painting of the splendor of life, of worlds to conquer and make real worlds!

Her heart beats faster at the thought of the life within her and the richness and the promise.

How she will foster and protect it and give it the beautiful world and the larger life—

The woman who is earnestly seeking, earnestly striving,

Looking in every direction to try to help straighten out the chaos.

The chaos of tangled lives, of wretchedness and inequality.

She burns to see things righted.

But there is so much to be righted that she does nothing but dream how to reform the world.

The fashionable milliner who never misses one of these lectures.

For here she can see the styles and know what is most becoming.

She is sorry when the lecture is over, for there are many styles.

She is repaid by the end of the hour.

Occasionally there is a simply clad woman intervening.

One with deep eyes and earnest brow.

One who looks as though she would listen and understand.

One who would learn this lesson of communal life.

Is this a lecture only for women?

No. A bold or curious man or one interested in City Planning

Makes his conspicuous way through the feminine crowd.

The theater grows light. The speaker is on the platform.

**T**HE lecture is over. There is applause. Then animated conversation.

The well fed, well groomed woman looks for her pretty, plump daughter with indulgent smile.

The girl's eyes are moist. "A great lecture," she whispers to her mother.

"Yes, but if we don't hurry we'll be late for our table at Mailard's."

The old, old woman wonders whether getting up so early in the morning is worth the exertion.

Some seated nearest the speaker are hushed.

They are so rapt in thought they do not realize that it is over.

## A STORY

The house is darkened.

Broodingly they leave the theater.

Many, happy as schoolgirls freed from compulsory tasks, talk volubly.

There are little staccato ejaculations.

"Will you walk up the avenue with me?"

"No, I haven't time. I must go to my dressmaker."

"Sorry I can't go. I'm due at the Belgian Relief."

"I go to a Suffrage luncheon."

"Oh, do you? And I'm off for the Labor Temple to address a meeting of the Strikers."

"Life is interesting these days, but it certainly is one grand rush!"

"It's well enough to hear about the municipally owned street car, but give me a lecture on Tchekoff or Andreef. Those Russians get under the skin."

"Hasn't he a wonderful vocabulary?"

"Yes, but did you notice his smile?"

"Did you see Mrs. Mendes? I wonder who makes her clothes?"

"Say, Flossie, I got here late. What did he say?"

"I really didn't understand exactly, but I was tremendously moved."

"Are you going to buy his book?"

"Mercy, no. I haven't time for reading. I have to attend a lecture of some kind every morning."

Furs, sandal, satin and pearls.

Out of the theater into the waiting limousines.

The last car moves away. The street is cleared.

The stranger thinks sympathetically of the poor, tired lecturer facing this crowd of idle, emotional women.

"How he must long for an audience of men!

How sick he must be of us women!"

The lecturer enters the lobby eagerly, as if he were seeking some one.

Is he looking for a man, a peer, an equal?

A fair, fragile little woman goes toward him.

"At last," he murmurs. They gaze into each other's eyes.

He takes her arm in his.

They walk off self absorbed and happy.

They do not see the stranger.

They are oblivious to the world.

## SHOP WINDOWS: BY CONSTANCE SMEDLEY

**W**INDOWS crouching on the level of the pavement,  
Stuck up in the wall, glass fronts of cases,  
Great windows,  
Whole stories behind plateglass fronts—  
Everywhere windows.

Fortunes in the windows,

The plunder of the world,  
Its baits and enticements,  
Calling to mortals' vanity and snuggling lusts.

And mortals passing  
Marvel at the wealth exposed,  
Covet and yearn,  
Enter exultingly with outstretched hands,  
Or stand with hands in empty pockets  
Cursing the glass, between them and the treasures.

The treasures of mortals must be bought with a price;  
Pride and ambition have the passport to them.

But there are no windows between man and God's treasures,  
The clouds form priceless pictures,  
Sundiamonds dazzle,  
Trees cast velvet shadows,  
Dewpearls glisten,  
Wild flowers and wild fruit tapestry the pastures;  
There is nothing between man and God's bounty.

He passes through the scrabble of bricks and mortar,  
Thinking of God's bounty,  
And the mortal treasures  
Are as heaps of dust and ashes in the windows.

From t  
Alcazar  
Garden  
may be  
sugges  
for a  
cloister  
walk ab  
a summ  
house.

## OLD ARCHITECTURAL DETAILS WHICH INSPIRE MODERN ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY



It is natural and also very wise to turn to the past for inspiration for fresh beauty, to study the work that has stood through many generations unquestioned in power. As architecture slowly developed, many experiments with proportion of wall surface and suitability of detail have been tried out and their success or their failure stands today as superb object lessons to whoever cares to observe them. The architects of today build according to their ideals as honestly and as fearlessly as did the old masters. The architects of the future will do the same.

We are showing a few pencil sketches by Mr. M. E. Freehof that hold great suggestions for builders of today. The grandly simple wall, exquisite detail, perfect proportion and arrangement of columns, masterly treatment of gateways of some of the old architecture surely hold rich suggestions for workers of today. To accompany these sketches we can find no more fitting comments upon the value of the past to the present than certain penetrating passages from Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture." We have selected some of his comments from the "Lamp of Beauty" and some from the "Lamp of Power" that

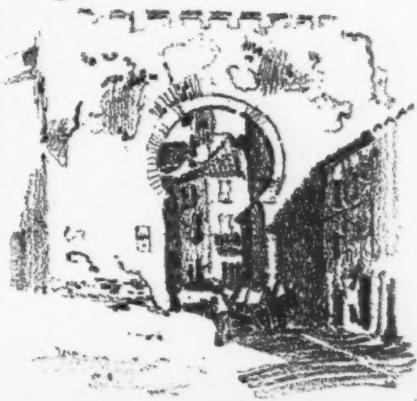
hold particularly excellent advice to young architects about the handling of large wall spaces and the treatment of detail.



From the Alcazar Gardens may be had suggestions for a cloistered walk about a summer-house.

Of the many broad divisions under which architecture may be considered, none appears to me more significant than that into buildings whose interest is in their walls, and those whose interest is in the lines dividing their walls. In the Greek temple the wall is as nothing; the entire interest is in the detached columns and the frieze they bear; in French Flamboyant, and in our detestable Perpendicular, the object is to get rid of the wall surface, and keep the eye altogether on tracery of line; in Romanesque work and Egyptian, the wall is a confessed and honored member, and the light is often allowed to fall on large areas of it, variously decorated. Now, both these principles are admitted by Nature, the one in her woods and thickets, the other in her plains, and cliffs, and water; but the latter is pre-eminently

The combination of the straight line of power with the curve of beauty is beautifully brought out in this arch from Granada.



## OLD ARCHITECTURAL DETAIL AND



A study of roof-lines from Granada suggesting variety that could be incorporated to advantage in our own city architecture.

the principle of power, and, in some sense, of beauty also. For, whatever infinity of fair form there may be in the maze of the forest, there is a fairer, as I think, in the surface of the quiet lake; and I hardly know that association of shaft or tracery, for which I would exchange the warm sleep of sunshine on some smooth, broad, human-like front of marble. Nevertheless, if breadth is to be beautiful, its substance must in some sort be beautiful; and we must not hastily condemn the exclusive resting of the northern architects in divided lines, until at least we have remembered the difference between a blank surface of Caen stone and one mixed from Genoa and Carrara, of serpentine with snow; but as regards abstract power and awfulness, there is no question; without breadth of surface it is in vain to seek them, and it matters little, so that the surface be wide, bold, and unbroken, whether it be of brick or of jasper; the light of heaven upon it, and the weight of earth in it, are all we need; for it is singular how forgetful the mind may become both of material and workmanship, if only it have space enough over which to range, and to remind it, however feebly, of the joy that it has in contemplating the flatness and sweep of great plains and broad seas. And it is a noble thing for men to do this with their cut stone or moulded clay, and to make the face of a wall look infinite, and its edge against the sky like an horizon: or even if less than this be reached, it is still delightful to mark the play of passing light on its broad surface, and to see by how many artifices and gradations of tinting and shadow, time and storm will set their wild signatures upon it; and how in the rising or declining of the day the unbroken twilight rests long and luridly on its high, lineless forehead, and fades away untraceably down its tiers of confused and countless stone. . . .

“**A**ND among the first habits that a young architect should learn, is that of thinking in shadow, not looking at a design in its miserable liny skeleton; but conceiving it as it will be when the dawn lights it, and the dusk leaves it; when its stones will be hot, and its crannies cool; when the lizards will bask on the one, and the birds build in the other. Let him design with the sense of cold and heat upon him; let him cut out the shadows, as men dig wells in unwatered plains; and lead along the lights, as a founder does his hot metal; let him keep the full command of both, and see that he knows

## MODERN ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY.



A Gothic detail suggestion for a bridge from Cambridge, showing that simple tracery when rightly used gives inspiring relief to a wall.

how they fall, and where they fade. His paper lines and proportions are of no value: all that he has to do must be done by spaces of light and darkness; and his business is to see that the one is broad and bold enough not to be swallowed up by twilight, and the other deep enough not to be dried like a shallow pool by a noon-day sun. . . .

"Consider first that the characters of natural objects which the architect can represent are few and abstract. The greater part of



An archway from Granada that shows its value as a frame to enhance the interest of garden pictures.

## OLD ARCHITECTURAL DETAIL AND

those delights by which Nature recommends herself to man at all times, cannot be conveyed by him into his imitative work. He cannot make his grass green and cool and good to rest upon, which in nature is its chief use to man; nor can he make his flowers tender and full of color and of scent, which in nature are their chief powers of giving joy. Those qualities which alone he can secure are certain severe characters of form, such as men only see in nature on deliberate examination, and by the full and set appliance of sight and thought: a man must lie down on the bank of grass on his breast and set himself to watch and penetrate the intertwining of it, before he finds that which is good to be gathered by the

architect. So then while Nature is at all times pleasant to us, and while the sight and sense of her work may mingle happily with all our thoughts, and labors, and times of existence, that image of her which the architect carries away represents what we can only perceive in her by direct intellectual exertion, and demands from us, wherever it appears, an intellectual exertion of a similar kind in order to understand and feel it. It is the written or sealed impression of a thing sought out, it is the shaped result of inquiry and bodily expression of thought.

"Remember that the eye is at your mercy more than the ear. 'The eye, it cannot choose but see.' Its nerve is not so easily numbed as that of the ear, and it is often busied in tracing and watching forms when the ear is at rest. Now if you present lovely forms to it when it cannot call the mind to help it in its work, and among objects of vulgar use and unhappy position, you will neither please the eye nor elevate the vulgar object. But you will fill and weary the eye with the beautiful form, and you will infect that form itself with the vulgarity of the thing to which you have violently attached it. It will never be of much use to you any more; you have killed or defiled it; its freshness and purity are gone. You will have to pass it through the fire of much thought before you will cleanse it, and warm it with much love before it will revive. . . .

**H**ENCE, then, a general law, of singular importance in the present day, a law of simple common sense—not to decorate things belonging to purposes of active and occupied life. Wherever you can rest, there decorate; where rest is forbidden, so is beauty. You must not mix ornament with business, any more than you may mix play. Work first, and then rest. Work first, and then



AS INFORMAL COURTS were sometimes held in Old Gateways they were designed with suitable and impressive dignity: Our cities lack picturesque approach: Our architects may well draw inspiration from this Porte D'Ardon.



GATEWAYS WITH HOUSES ABOVE in which gatekeepers live or prisoners are held, are among the chief architectural interests of the Old World: This combination of pointed arch and square roof holds rich suggestions for our own builders.

## MODERN ARCHITECTURAL BEAUTY

gaze, but do not use golden ploughshares, nor bind ledgers in enamel. Do not thrash with sculptured flails: nor put bas-reliefs on millstones. What! it will be asked, are we in the habit of doing so? Even always and everywhere. The most familiar position of Greek mouldings is in these days on shop fronts. There is not a tradesman's sign nor shelf nor counter in all the streets of all our cities which has not upon it ornaments which were invented to adorn temples and beautify kings' palaces. . . .

"It is well, therefore, that the young architect should be taught to think of imitative ornament as of the extreme of grace in language; not to be regarded at first, not to be obtained at the cost of purpose, meaning, force or conciseness, yet, indeed a perfection—the least of all perfections, and yet the crowning one of all—one which by itself, and regarded in itself, is an architectural coxcombry, but is yet the sign of the most highly trained mind and power when it is associated with others. It is a safe manner, as I think, to design all things at first in severe abstraction, and to be prepared, if need were, to carry them out in that form; then to mark the parts where high finish would be admissible, to complete these always with stern reference to their general effect, and then connect them by a graduated scale of abstraction with the rest. And there is one safeguard against danger in this process on which I would finally insist. Never imitate anything but natural forms, and those the noblest, in the completed parts. The degradation of the cinque cento manner of decoration was not owing to its naturalism, to its faithfulness of imitation, but to its imitation of ugly, i. e. unnatural things. So long as it restrained itself to sculpture of animals and flowers, it remained noble. . . .

"But, at all events, one thing we have in our power—the doing without machine ornament and cast-iron work. All the stamped metals, and artificial stones, and imitation woods and bronzes, over the invention of which we hear daily exultation—all the short, and cheap, and easy ways of doing that whose difficulty is its honor—are just so many new obstacles in our already encumbered road. They will not make one of us happier or wiser—they will extend neither the pride of judgment nor the privilege of enjoyment. They will only make us shallower in our understandings, colder in our hearts, and feebler in our wits. And most justly. For we are not sent into this world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily: neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all. Perhaps all that we have to do is meant for nothing more than an exercise of the heart and of



From Paris comes a suggestion for graceful proportion of columns.

## OLD ARCHITECTURAL DETAIL



INTEREST AND BEAUTY are obtained by a commingling of different materials and union of the three big principles of architecture, square, circle and straight line as may be seen in this old cottage close in Salisbury.

the will, and is useless in itself; but, at all events, the little use it has may well be spared if it is not worth putting our hands and our strength to. It does not become our immortality to take an ease inconsistent with its authority, nor to suffer any instruments with which it can dispense, to come between it and the things it rules: and he would form the creations of his own mind by any other instrument than his own hand, would also, if he might, give grinding organs to Heaven's angels, to make their music easier. There is dreaming enough, and earthiness enough, and sensuality enough in human existence, without our turning the few glowing moments of it into mechanism; and since our life must at the best be but a vapor that appears for a little time and then vanishes away, let it at least appear as a cloud in the height of Heaven, not as the thick darkness that broods over the blast of the Furnace, and rolling of the Wheel. . . .

"I would have our ordinary dwelling houses built to last, and built to be lovely; as rich and full of pleasantness as may be, within and without; with what degree of likeness to each other in style and manner, I will say presently, under another head; but, at all events, with such differences as might suit and express each man's character and occupation, and partly his history."

**"THE BREEZE COMES FRESH": BY GRACE  
STEELE HYDE TRINE**



HERE'S a winding road, and a sharp turn  
As you near the top of the hill;  
The breeze comes fresh and you take deep breath,—  
The world seems hushed and still.  
The thrushes sing and the orioles flash,—  
You bare your head to the wind,  
You drop your cares, like a weary pack,  
The city you left behind  
Seems far away,—and the clear sweet air  
That greets you over the rise  
Is not of earth—it cannot be  
It comes from the farthest skies!  
A mingled sweetness of hills and shore  
Fused into something rare,—  
Breath of the mountains, breath of the sea,  
Nectar—yet only air! . . .  
Now look you South where the cities are,  
And flowing swift between,  
Swept by the winds and washed by the tides  
And bordered by hills of green  
The storied, majestic Hudson goes  
To greet its Mother, the sea;  
A vision of beauty by day and night  
Far beyond Tappan Zee.  
Beauty of river, of hills and trees,  
Beauty of storm and of sun,  
Beauty of clouds and the hosts of the stars  
And joy in the heart of one!  
From farthest horizons I hear your call  
Mt. Airy, where winds blow free!  
Oh, what have you done to my gypsy heart,  
To my gypsy feet, and me!



The Man in the Moon:  
"All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thornbush, my thornbush; and this dog, my dog."

## SILHOUETTE ILLUSTRATIONS FOR "MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM": DRAWN BY P. KONEWKA



THE decorative force and appeal of the Japanese print stands out with peculiar prominence from all other expressions of art. Its charm lies partly in the Japanese mastery of outline, and partly in their delicate sense of color value. A beautiful line has always meant much to both the Chinese and Japanese people. Their reverence for it, in fact, almost approaches worship.

In their minds "a single stroke contains in itself the principles of life and death." By a deft accentuation and by a purity of stroke they manage to suggest in an astonishingly few motions the wild exultation of birds flying before a storm, the sad sound of the surf on a lonely shore, cool drifting fog among the pine trees. Upon their knowledge of line and line composition they have developed a great and distinct art, one that has high and honored place in the respect of artists and art lovers the world over.

Though the silhouette in no way ranks with the Japanese print in artistic value, yet somewhat the same art principles operate to its success. In the making of the silhouette there must be great dexterity of hand, combined with keen appreciation of character, knowledge of the effective relation of bold masses and delicate detail. Surety of stroke and a sensitive fancy must be in evidence. The silhouette has never been given serious consideration, though it possesses so exceptional a decorative value, but will doubtless come into its own in the very near future. Because of its simplicity it ranks somewhere near to the Japanese print in importance, and because of the rare opportunity afforded for character representation, it extends somewhat into the field of the miniature painter. No photograph has the power to convey a more striking likeness than a fine silhouette, yet in spite of these varied possibilities of development into something commanding a dignified attention, very little has been done with it.

Occasionally, however, someone arises who revives interest in it through his own pleasure in its beauty and belief in its esthetic power. This Christmas season brings us several most delightful portfolios of silhouettes, by P. Konewka, so rich in fancy, so humorously alert and so exquisitely drawn that they will do much to quicken general interest and uplift the standard of this art. We are pleased to be able to show a few taken from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" series, a subject that lends itself with exceptional charm to the silhouette art.



Titania and Bottom:  
"Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful."

## SILHOUETTES IN "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"



**Pyramus:**  
"O wherefore,  
Nature, didst  
thou lions  
frame?  
Since lion vile  
hath here de-  
flower'd my  
dear."

Konewka's drawings of *Puck* will appeal alike to children who firmly believe in, and dearly love this frolicsome wee elf who sleeps in a yellow cowslip's bell, and to the older people who are able to appreciate the delicacy of the drawing and originality of design. Who would not smile at the shadowy, winged elf flitting like a faithful sentinel in and out, in and out, among the woodbine leaves? He bears his tiny blade of grass as proudly as any jousting knight his deadly lance, and is a perfect combination of the playful, very much alive human child, and the momentarily serious fairy of our imagination. He is just as an elf should be, beautiful

as our own familiar children, yet with magical power that belongs only to creatures of thought.

This same delicious, playful seriousness he has given us again in his *Puck* where he is "Sent with broom before, to sweep the dust behind the door," and also when he shows us this same immortal creature declaring with childish importance, "Not a mouse shall disturb this hallowed house," as he sends bat and mouse scurrying fearfully away.

*Pyramus*, with his tragic wail, "O wherefore, Nature, did'st thou lions frame?" and *Thisbe's* invocation to the trusty sword to "Come, blade, my breast imbrue," lack nothing in character portraiture because they are but shadows. How expressive the hands, how lithe the bodies. Color and rounded detail are not missed, for these flat surfaces are full of character. Though the trickster, *Puck*, has placed upon poor *Bottom's* shoulders an ass's head, yet lovely *Titania* gazes into his ugly face fascinated with his beauty, for she is under the spell of the midnight enchantment. Mr. Konewka has caught the fine contrast of Beauty and the Beast, and handled the curving thistle stalk with charming decorative feeling. In his drawing of the *Clamorous Owl* he shows us that the silhouette is a rare and expressive medium for humor.

These delightful silhouettes open up a wide field for an important use of this art besides that of illustration, and that is the decorating of children's rooms. Children would understand these lovely shadow drawings and soon become familiar with their story, with the charmed life of sweet *Titania* the Fairy Queen, with playful *Puck* and dear *Cobweb*, and *Peaseblossom*. No nursery rhyme



**Thisbe:**  
"Come, trusty  
sword;  
Come, blade, my  
breast imbrue."



**Puck:**  
"I am sent with  
broom before  
To sweep the  
dust behind the  
door."

## SILHOUETTES IN "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"



Puck:  
"Not a  
mouse,  
Shall disturb this  
hallow'd house."

has as great a sway over a child's mind or gives his imagination wider field for fancy than Shakespeare's story of the delicate Ariel. How much better to give children such world classics as bedtime stories, than the idle nonsense they are often given to ponder over, and make dreams of.

Children, with such silhouettes as inspiration, would be quick to invent games of shadow play, games that would lead them back to the joy of pantomime, of expressing thought by gesture. This season brings us a revival of interest in the old time Christmas festivities where Pantaloon, Harlequin and Columbine dance and make merry on a white screen, coming and going as mysteriously and as quietly as veritable shadows. Can any Christmas festivity exceed the joy experienced when we as children made a shadow play for the entertainment of our sedate elders! When we hung sheets across the wide drawing room arch and pranced like "Jack jumping over the candle-stick," when we showed them "Little Miss Muffet, who sat on a Tuffet," "Bluebeard," "Puss-in-Boots," and stalked proudly as though we wore the Seven League Boots. For these shadow plays we made golden crowns of cardboard, velvet robes of table covers, fairy wands of lighted candles, and were indeed happy in the game of inventing makeshifts and reproducing the shadowy images of our beloved story-characters. What a delightful pantomime children could make of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" with these beautiful silhouettes to inspire them, to shape their ideals, to quicken their inventiveness, to develop their sense of beauty, and to help them portray character.

These are but a few of the delightful uses of silhouettes besides that of pure art inspiration. Among our Art Reviews, found on another page of this same issue, a more detailed description of the silhouettes may be obtained. Though Mr. Konewka's work is familiar to a great many art lovers in America, yet there are many others who will be glad to get a fuller knowledge of his work. His drawings of children are always inspiring, and the handling of flower forms charmingly decorative in feeling.



An Elf:  
"Hence, away!  
now all is well:  
One aloof stands  
sentinel."

The Clamorous  
Owl:  
"Some keep back  
The clamorous  
owl, that nightly  
hoots and won-  
ders  
At our quaint  
spirits."



## FLOWER GIFTS FOR XMAS TIME



HERE is a delightful old fairy story of a wicked old woman and her envious daughters who, wishing to get rid of a good, modest and beautiful stepsister, sent her out into the wintry woods to pick flowers. The good little girl was forbidden to return to the shelter of the house until she found among the snow and ice the flowers which they well knew could not be blooming. How children once thrilled at the terrible impossibility of possessing fair flower color when the world was white and the ground frozen! It was hard to believe even in a fairy story that such a wonderful, delightful thing could happen as to have a flower at Christmas time. Yet when Christmas morning dawns this year and rejoicing bells ring out the good tidings of the reign of love on earth, though the air be gloriously cold, and the world bound fast in ice or sleet, in thousands of homes spring and summer flowers will be blooming and carrying their messages of immortality, of faith in the return of the sun with his glorious train of flowers.

Much of the joy that flowers bring on Christmas Day, beside that ever magical one of the conquering of the seasons, is because someone with loving forethought has remembered to start bulbs growing while gardens still bloom, thought to carefully lift a rose or a lily from its corner of the garden or take cuttings of plants ready to begin their long winter sleep. Bright red holly berries, pale mistletoe, shining green laurel leaves, spicy cedars, we all expect to have in our rooms on Christmas morning, and the day would not seem complete without them. They are things we go out and get for ourselves, but the flowers we have been growing for long months we give as gifts to friends. Nothing bears our friendly and loving salutations more gracefully than a jar of flowers in full bloom, or a basket of fragrant blossoms skillfully arranged. There is little wonder that our sentimental forefathers invented a flower alphabet of tender meanings, so that they were able to convey the fervor, hope or devotion of their heart by the gift of a rose, a pansy or a sprig of green.

When in doubt about what to give an intimate or distant friend there is always one sure and unquestioned solution—a growing plant. Everyone feels the better for having a growing plant about, everyone responds to its freshness, beauty and fragrance.

Poinsettias, flaming as the stars of the star that led the wise men to Bethlehem so many years ago, brings a peculiar Christmas atmosphere to a room. Its warm, bright color, its long association with Christmas decorations make it like the holly and mistletoe, an important factor in home or church celebrations of the feast of the nativity. Happiness and good cheer is conveyed by its mere color alone, and when given as



## FLOWER GIFTS FOR XMAS TIME

a growing plant instead of as a cut flower, it has an added quality—that of an apparently conscious rejoicing. These flowers are not so easily grown in the East, yet they can be had from single flowers grown in a small pot suitable for a table decoration, to large heavy stalks that will make a brilliant showing in church or family hall. Primroses, with their

humble, tender loveliness of color and poetic quality, make the most charming of gifts to those whose preference is for soft pastel colors. Older people prefer them to the bold, positive red of the poinsettia or rose because of the memories associated with them. Another flower that carries a sweet, old-fashioned sentiment is the heather, that fine leaved bell flower, *Erica*, that has made the hills and moorlands of Scotland famous. It is as hearty as it is lovely, stands an amazing amount of neglect, is easy to grow and is loved by everyone.

**T**HE orchid-colored *calceolarias*, besides being so rich and varied of hue, appeal especially to children, for their velvety blooms snuggle down among beautiful leaves like little baby tigers or soft Angora kittens. However, no tigers or kittens were ever dressed with such regal splendor of color. *Cyclamen* are coming to be among the greatest of all house plants. Giant of size, hardy, long suffering, their rose, cerise, magenta, white, crimson or lilac blooms, ready to complete any color scheme of even the most exacting, always give pleasure. They are exceedingly decorative in form and exhale a gentle fragrance. Their leaves are marvelously veined and richly colored, and the flowers have a very human sort of way of bowing their heads as though exceedingly modest, yet they flaunt the sauciest of petals. This coquettish habit has won them amusing names, such as "mad-cap violet" and "shooting stars."

*Cinerarias* make jolly, gay gifts. They are almost as delightfully crude and primeval of color as the modern wooden toys, loved by children and grown-ups alike. Our dull city rooms respond magically to the influence of their barbarically positive colors. Rooms instantly become cheerful and pleasant at their advent, as though some laughing friend entered with whiff of fresh air and budget of good news. There are so many "gigantias" and "grandifloras" that mention of them would be wearisome indeed. Their variety is fairly bewildering, and all are good, so choice is difficult. There are dark blues and azures, light pinks and dark, shaded and rimmed. They are bright faced as a pansy and their leaves beautifully shaped and veined.

*Gloxinias* look as though devout elves might make use of them as

From the love  
of the beautiful  
has sprung  
every good in  
heaven and  
earth.

—Plato.



**VELVETY TRUMPETS** such as  
gnomes might use to shout forth Christmas  
greetings the Gloxinias raise above beauti-  
fully shaped and veined leaves.



PRIMROSE, first born child of Ver,  
Merry spring-time's harbinger.

—Shakespeare.

"SCENT O' THE FERN!  
Once breathed,—from out the trodden ways  
I turn  
And follow,—cool green mysteries to learn."





"Every little flower that grows  
And every little brown bird  
that doth sing,  
Hath something greater than it-  
self, and bears  
A living word to every living  
thing,  
Albeit it holds the message una-  
wares."



**BOTH COQUETTISH AND MODEST**  
is the Cyclamen which shows forth almost  
every flower color save that of yellow: Chil-  
dren call it "Shooting Stars."



These keep  
Seeming and  
savor all the  
winter long;  
Grace and re-  
membrance be  
to you both.  
—Shakespeare.

CINERARIAS, blue as the skies of summer, make delightful gifts because they can be easily grown at home and remain in flower for many days.



## FLOWER GIFTS FOR XMAS TIME

trumpets through which to shout Christmas greetings. The blossoms are fairly startling in color and form. Some are most attractively beautiful, others utterly weird and uncanny in color. Gifts for a whole host of friends could easily be grown from a single package of seed.

Besides this incomplete list of bright blooming plants, there are the faithful host of ferns, lacy or swordlike, and the tropical-spirited palms with their eternal atmosphere of summer. Whether the gift be a tiny one for the breakfast tray, or a huge one in a splendid tub for the hall to discredit the belief that winter rules the world, a house is always the more attractive and homelike for their presence. As for the bulbs—the sweet hyacinths, cheery daffodils, gorgeous tulips, impatient crocuses in their low dishes of water and stones, what can be said that gives them full glowing praise, for back of their own beauty there is the love of the friends whose thought to start them weeks before and who cared for them so faithfully. One can be as simple or extravagant in the matter of vases to grow them in as heart could wish.



**T**HOUGH the Christmas table be piled with sparkling jewels, rich garments to wear or good books to read, the blooming flowers stand out with sweetest halo. Flowers, because they have life, growth and death, because they respond to kind or unkind treatment, because they are sensitive to heat and to cold, crave the fresh air and push toward the sun, seem in spite of their frailty to make a more sympathetic gift than anything else. Because of their brilliant color and perfume, they have been an indispensable part of every celebration from the time they were carried in processions as offerings to the gods, up to the present. So they have become symbols of especial rejoicing. They are such things as devotees offer to the gods. They are on the altar of all Christian churches and at the feet of every pagan god. They are the symbol of immortality, and when given as a gift hold a fine suggestion of undying affection. This immortal thought of flowers persists in spite of the fact that the blossoms soon wither. Flower lovers know that though the blossoms of a single plant may live but for the day, that the hosts of other blossoms return again as surely as the spring returns. The children of the world have received no finer gift from Nature than her flowers. The world would be dull and dreary enough without them.



## FLOWER GIFTS FOR XMAS TIME

The origin of the use of growing plants at Christmas time is said to have come from the story that on Christmas night the Christ child walks over the world and stops at every door on which a green twig is placed, and lays his hand upon it, blessing those who dwell within. An Irish legend has it that the good spirits of the woods seek refuge from winter's cold in any house that hangs a branch of green leaves above the mantle. Whoever wishes sweet presence of good fairy, or the blessings of the Christ child, must have some wreath of green or growing plant within his house.

It is hard to believe that the early Christians forbade the use of flowers in their churches, no matter what the occasion, arguing that they were "vain abominations," because "the custom was of Pagan origin." In those days it was considered quite proper to suppress all desire for beauty, and all efforts to make life more sweet and lovable. Fortunately, those days are past, with all the severe restraint that cramped souls. Nowadays, we make every possible effort to surround ourselves with whatever will lift the spirit, will keep us in touch with the finer emotions of life. We have received the warning from many sources that we are becoming too commercial, too practical a nation, that imagination is dying out; and we are often reminded that "without vision, people perish."

Flowers, through long association, and because of their own nature, do more, perhaps, than anything else in city life to remind us of free, natural life, of the high thoughts springing from a view of far mountains, of vaulted skies and dim forests. Whoever walks over sunny fields, beside running brooks, finds the best that is in him quickened in a way that never occurs when walking through city streets. Therefore, all city dwellers—those who are unable to take inspiring walks under blue skies with the feel of earth under their feet, have more need of flowers, of growing plants than they are perhaps aware of.

So the gift of a growing plant holds in it an essence whose value cannot be rated too highly—it is the invisible spiritual gift that, like a halo, surrounds the visible plant.

Unless a gift means something beside the money value spent upon it, it is without worth. A gift should touch the memory and the heart so that long after the material expression of it has passed the glow in the heart is still alive. As one remembers a smile on a friend's face, an encouraging word in time of trouble; these are the gifts that fade not.



## THE SEA'S FAIRY BABIES, AS SHOWN BY JESSIE WILCOX SMITH'S ILLUSTRATIONS FOR KINGSLEY'S "WATER BABIES"

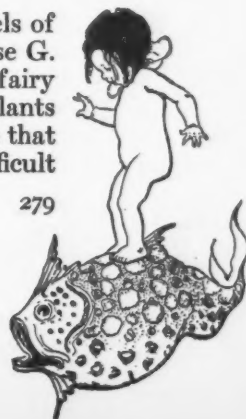
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For all the books displayed this year for the delight of child or grown-up surely none are as utterly irresistible and altogether fascinating as the new edition of Kingsley's famous child's classic, "Water Babies," illustrated by Jessie Wilcox Smith. Her sketches of Tom as a Water Baby riding upon a fish, peering beneath water reeds, flying through space on a seaweed leaf, getting acquainted with a lobster, her marvelous sketches of jellyfish, frogs, water bubbles, sea flowers are things that have no parallel for beauty or decorative charm in all the full list of children's books. Her understanding of children, her delightful fairy imagination, are seen at their best in the illustrations for this book. Each of the full page illustrations is worthy to be set in a frame of its own and made to adorn some happy child's nursery.

This is a book for the year round, not merely for Christmas morning. It is a book that should be taken down to the sea-shore in the summer, that should be read aloud during the evening sleepy-hour, that hour that fills children's minds with wonderful things to think about just as they sail away to the Land of Nod. These pictures of sea fairies give them something to dream about as surely as the story itself gives them something to remember all the days of their life. Who of us who have read this story when we were young ever look at a clean little sandy sea-garden with anemones clinging to the rocks without remembering that Tom won his spurs to full understanding because he helped the water babies clean up the gardens and put them to rights after every storm. We remember how after every storm the babies mended all the broken seaweed and put all the rock pools in order and planted all the shells again in the sand and put the seaweeds, corallines and anemones in delightful little borders all around the rocks.

"Happy are the children who get their first ideas of the marvels of nature all around them from such a lesson book as this," says Rose G. Kingsley, in the preface to her father's story that he calls a "fairy tale," but which is so full of the ways of insect, bird, beast and plants of land and sea that it might be classed as a scientific essay, save that no treatise was ever so charmingly written. And is it not difficult



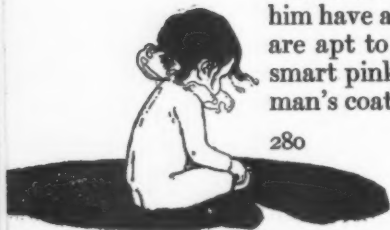


## WATER BABIES

after all to tell truth from fairy fiction? As he says, "you must not say that this cannot be, or that that is contrary to nature. You do not know what Nature is, or what she can do; and nobody knows. Wise men are afraid to say that there is anything contrary to nature, except what is contrary to mathematical truth; for two and two cannot make five, and two straight lines cannot join twice, and a part cannot be as great as the whole, and so on (at least, so it seems at present), but the wiser men are, the less they talk about 'cannot.' That is a very rash, dangerous word, that 'cannot'; and if people use it too often, the Queen of all the Fairies, who makes the clouds thunder and the fleas bite, and takes just as much trouble about one as about the other, is apt to astonish them suddenly by showing them, that though they say she cannot, yet she can, and what is more, will, whether they approve or not. . . .

"And therefore it is, that there are dozens and hundreds of things in the world which we should certainly have said were contrary to nature, if we did not see them going on under our eyes all day long. If people had never seen little seeds grow into great plants and trees, of quite different shape from themselves, and these trees again produce fresh seeds, to grow into fresh trees, they would have said, 'The thing cannot be; it is contrary to nature.' And they would have been quite as right in saying so, as in saying that most other things cannot be. . . . Did not learned men, too, hold, till within the last twenty-five years, that a flying dragon was an impossible monster? And do we not now know that there are hundreds of them found fossil up and down the world? People call them Pterodactyles; but that is only because they are ashamed to call them flying dragons, after denying so long that flying dragons could exist."

Never has nature's ways been related more delightfully than in Kingsley's humorous description of "The Caddis Fly,"—"or he went into a still corner, and watched the caddises eating dead sticks as greedily as you would plum-pudding, and building their houses with silk and glue. Very fanciful ladies they were; none of them would keep to the same materials for a day. One would begin with some pebbles; then she would stick on a piece of green wood; then she found a shell, and stuck it on too; and the poor shell was alive, and did not like at all being taken to build houses with: but the caddis did not let him have any voice in the matter, being rude and selfish, as vain people are apt to be; then she stuck on a piece of rotten wood, then a very smart pink stone, and so on, till she was patched all over like an Irishman's coat. Then she found a long straw, five times as long as herself,



## WATER BABIES

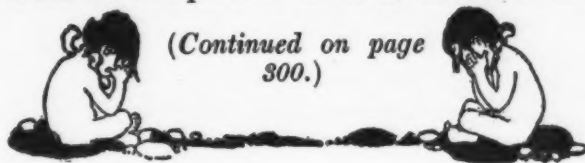
and said, 'Hurrah! my sister has a tail, and I'll have one too'; and she stuck it on her back, and marched about with it quite proud, though it was very inconvenient indeed. And, at that, tails became all the fashion among caddis-baits in that pool, as they were at the end of the Long Pond last May, and they all toddled about with long straws sticking out behind, getting between each other's legs, and tumbling over each other, and looking so ridiculous, that Tom laughed at them till he cried, as we did. But they were quite right, you know; for people must always follow the fashion, even if it be spoon-bonnets."

He makes us all wish to become Water Babies like Tom, for a time at least, so that we could wander through the water forests, and see the water squirrels and water monkeys, and water flowers, that if we tried to pick would turn into knots of jelly and find that they were all alive, bells and stars and wheels of all beautiful shapes and colors, and all very busy about their own affairs. We should be willing to be called such terrible names as "Holothurian," and "Cephalopod," as was little Tom, if then we could go with him to the "Other-end-of-Nowhere" and visit the famous nations of the "Do-as-you-Likes" who are at the foot of the "Happy-Go-Lucky-Mountain," see the shiny wall and visit Mother Carey sitting on an iceberg busily making old beasts into new ones all the year round.

You remember, Tom expected to see Mother Carey, "snipping, piecing, fitting, stitching, cobbling, basting, filing, planing, hammering, turning, polishing, moulding, measuring, chiselling, clipping, and so forth, as men do when they go to work to make anything.

"But instead of that, she sat quite still with her chin upon her hand, looking down into the sea with two great grand blue eyes, as blue as the sea itself. Her hair was as white as the snow—for she was very, very old—in fact, as old as anything which you are likely to come across, except the difference between right and wrong." But she did not after all really make the millions of beautiful things that swam all about her, but she did a much finer thing, just helped them make themselves. "Anybody," she said, "can make things if they take time and trouble enough, but it is not every one who makes things make themselves," and thus in a fairy way he puts into children's minds a very wonderful truth to think about.

Besides the twelve full page illustrations in color, each so beautiful that it is worth the full price of the book, there are the myriads of



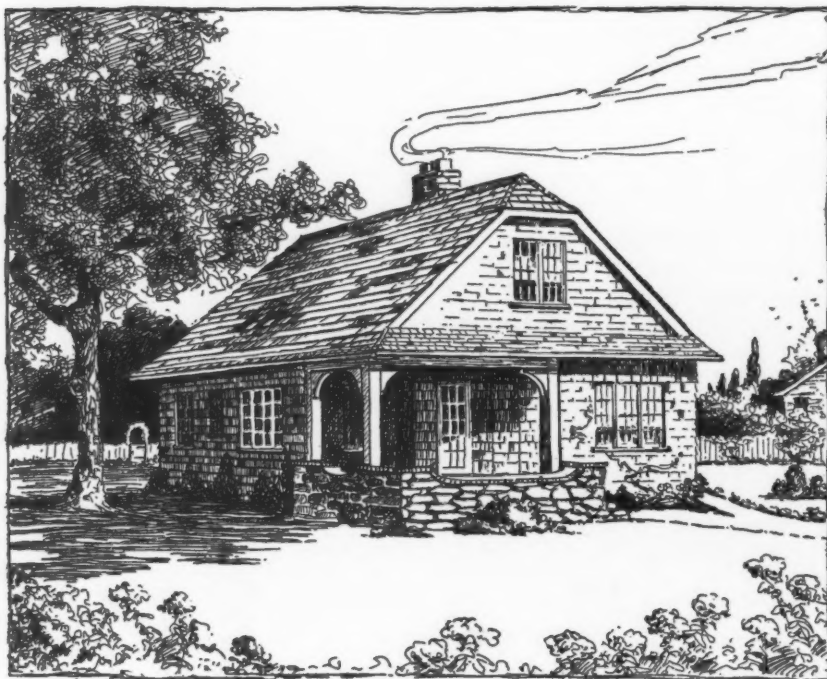
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## CRAFTSMAN COTTAGE, PLANNED FOR MUCH COMFORT AND LITTLE LABOR



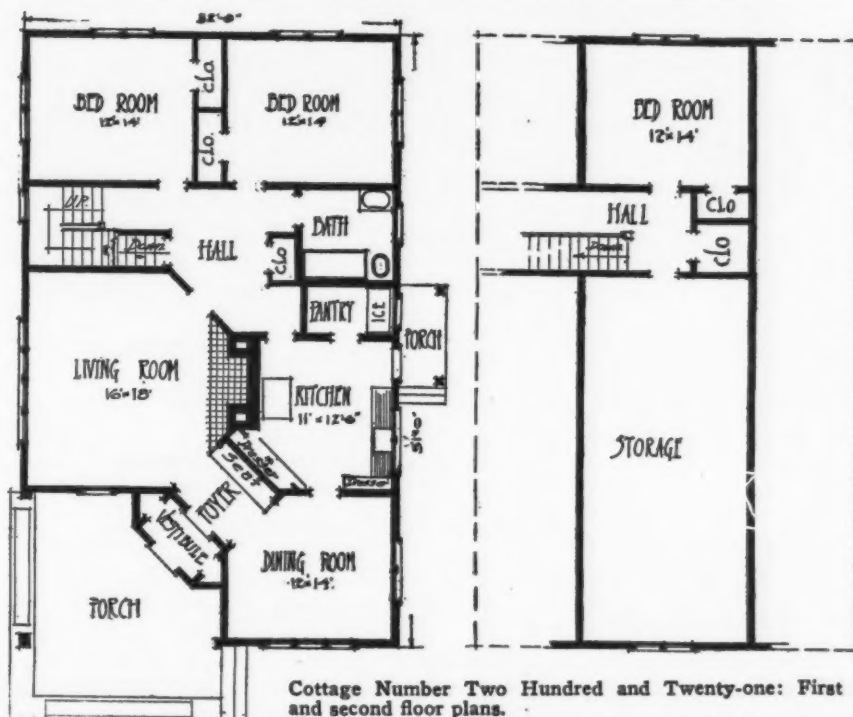
WHEN Kriss Kringle leaves his glittering, crystal ice palace this Christmas Eve and starts southward with his magical load of gifts for all good children, it is quite certain that he will stop at many a humble little house. For there is something about the chimney of a little house that seems to indicate even to ordinary mortals, to say nothing of the all-knowing St. Nicholas, that happy, and therefore good little children, live within. It is easy to be good if one is happy, and certainly if anything in the world can make people happy it should be a home. Peace and contentment are always represented as dwelling in a vine covered cottage, never in a palace, so poets and novelists, and all the people who see visions of things as they are and not as they seem, tell us.

"Home keeping hearts are happiest," they say, and the whole world, though usually distrustful of their assurances, for once thoroughly believes them. When artists are called upon to paint a picture of a home they show a cottage with vines about the doorway, flowers



Craftsman Cottage Number Two Hundred and Twenty-one.

## MUCH COMFORT AND LITTLE LABOR



Cottage Number Two Hundred and Twenty-one: First and second floor plans.

along the paths, a great tree standing guard against the too burning sun. There is always a chimney in their pictures of a home, for a chimney presupposes a fireplace, and a fireplace, happy people talking pleasantly, plotting joy for the future, reading fine books, sewing upon lovely garments, telling beautiful stories to children.

THE CRAFTSMAN in every number, from the time of its first appearance even down to this present issue, has worked for the improvement of American homes. In fact, the purpose of the foundation of this magazine was to further the building and the furnishing of better, simpler and more efficient homes. We have presented the need of better home building by articles and by pictures in many ways, but always with the same purpose in view, the creating of more ideal homes, the education of people's desire for and appreciation of pure simplicity. We have shown the advantage to be gained by putting the cost of useless ornament and disfiguring fretwork into better materials and better foundation. We have designed over two hundred homes along the principles we believe in, that is creating architectural beauty through good proportion and good lines, instead of by the introduction

## MUCH COMFORT AND LITTLE LABOR

of ornament intended to cover up the mistakes of fundamental design. We have also lost no opportunity to present the work of other American architects when we felt it was both beautiful and practical and well deserving to stand as models or to inspire love for more perfect homes.

This month we are once again showing a very small home, one well within the possibility of almost any American. Though so very small and simple, yet it carries an air of unassuming attractiveness. This cottage, known as CRAFTSMAN House No. 221, we are showing as made of wood, though the floor plans could be developed in either brick, plaster and hollow tile, or concrete.

The outside of the house is of random width shingles stained brown, and the roof also of uneven width shingles could be either green or darker brown as preferred. A little unusual note is obtained by cutting back the peak of the roof and sloping outward the lower edge of the roof. This breaks the square cardboard-house-effect of roof and gives it a more graceful line. The porch has two unusual features. One is the high stone wall, which is made very wide and left with a hollow space which is to be filled with earth and planted with flowers and vines. By hollowing in the upper part of the wall and filling it with earth there will be none of the unsightly staining that sometimes comes when flower boxes are set on top of a wall. Flowers always get much nourishment from stone, so that they thrive much better than when planted in a wooden box. In the winter time small evergreen trees could be planted instead of flowers, which will give a little note of color and interest in the absence of the summer flowers. Because the front edge of the wall which surrounds the porch has been extended to the entrance from the side, one portion of the porch will be without a roof, so that people dwelling in the house may have the benefit of full sun or shade as they prefer.

A glance at the floor plan shows that from the porch one enters a vestibule built across one corner. This vestibule is squared off at the corners to give it more interesting form. It is large enough to provide two coat, hat and umbrella closets. Instead of making the foyer in a square form and projecting it into the space of the living and dining rooms as would be the usual proceeding, we have cut the corners and made it parallel with the vestibule. Thus it not only does not take away from the size of the two main rooms of the house, but makes a most charming entrance. The vestibule and foyer doors should be glass to give light to the hall. Opposite the entrance door is a seat which, heaped up with pillows of good color, makes a pleasant welcome. Above the seat on the wall could be hung one or two good pictures, and electric candles in wall brackets placed over each end of the seat.

## MUCH COMFORT AND LITTLE LABOR

From the foyer, full and unobstructed view can be had into both living and dining rooms and because the two ends of the dining room are almost entirely occupied with large windows and because in the living room there is a large group of four windows, the vista will be bright, and obtain color from the outside garden or trees. Because the two rooms can be seen at a glance, the effect is of a spaciousness which could not be had were they joined merely by the usual small door. This also makes a good arrangement for entertaining. The two rooms together are practically one large room. Opposite the group of windows in the living room is a large fireplace and balancing the entrance from the foyer on the opposite side of the room is the entrance into the back hall. From this hall one reaches the two bedrooms, bath, the kitchen, basement and stairway going to the second floor. This plan is convenient for many reasons. First, it shuts away the sight of the stairs going to the upper rooms and down to the basement, it separates the bedrooms completely from the main part of the house, it brings the plumbing of the kitchen and bathroom to a center, it gives two entrances into the kitchen, one through the living room and one through the dining room, so that when the housework is done by the housewife herself, she is saved many unnecessary steps. At the left of the dining room door into the kitchen, is a large dresser built in the angle formed by the foyer wall and the big chimney. This dresser, with a smaller one at the right of the door by the sink which is just below the window, gives an unusual amount of good closet space. The range is placed so that but one chimney is required for the whole house. Outside the kitchen is a little service porch, so that deliveries can be made at the side of the house. There is a good sized pantry with space for an icebox on the side near the outside of the house, so that the icebox can be filled from the service porch directly if required, or at least there will be but a step from the porch into the pantry to fill it from the inside.

In the hall is a large closet for linen. Each bedroom is provided with a good sized closet and with windows placed to give cross drafts, thus insuring them perfect ventilation. The wall space of the bedroom has been planned so that furniture will fit in to good advantage. There is plenty of room for double bed, dresser and chif-

fonier. Upstairs the opportunity for development is quite apparent. We have suggested one large storage place left unfinished, and bedroom which can be finished. In the hall is another large closet, the bedroom also has its own closet. Windows are in each end of the upper story so that good ventilation is assured.

In planning this small house we had in mind the little home of low cost that will be good to look at and so excellent in plan that the work could be done by the mistress of the house. In severe winter weather the living room could be closed and the dining room used as sitting room or even the reverse is possible, that is, to close the dining room, and serve meals in the living room. Whichever plan is adopted the kitchen is in equally convenient relation. Beneath this house is, of course, room for furnace, coal, laundry, etc. If the expense of excavation must be cut down to the minimum, space for the furnace could be provided for directly beneath the kitchen, and laundry tubs could be put on the kitchen porch. In this event it would need to be enclosed with glass, perhaps even made a trifle wider.

This house is especially good for a narrow lot, although it could be turned just the other way and the steps up to the porch put on the opposite side. If impossible to find stones for the wall about the porch it could be made of concrete equally as well, or if even this expense would be too much, the same plan could be carried out in shingles to match the walls of the house.

In the planting about this house winter effects should be borne in mind, so that the little home will not look desolate. A large house with its formal terrace, drives and retaining walls does not look so deserted in the winter as does a little house. A small house seems to suggest a flower association, so when the flowers are not in bloom it seems quite forlorn. Therefore at the corners of the house where the porch joins, where meeting paths make a triangle, in fact here and there all about the foundation, should be set small evergreens, retinisporas, cedars, pines, arborvita, box and broad-leaved evergreens such as laurels and rhododendrons. And then the blooming perennials or sprightly annuals can be planted in front or in between these eternally green plants.

An interesting form of decoration for this house would be window boxes planted across the lower windows.

## ROAD IMPROVEMENT IN AMERICA

### ROAD IMPROVEMENT IN AMERICA: BY J. B. STONE-KING, M. E.

**T**HERE is such a heavy increase of traffic on all roads in this country, more especially on the main trunk highways between cities and towns of importance and the roads leading from the more populous country districts into the markets, that a very necessary and radical change has been forced in road building and improvement methods. Not many years ago plain graveled and water-bound macadamized roads stood the wear and tear of the then comparatively light and slow-moving vehicles. Light surfacing was the rule and materials which would stand up under that traffic were found to be inadequate when subjected to the abrasion and hard pounding of our heavier and rapid-moving vehicles of the present day.

Since the development and perfecting of the auto truck for hauling and delivery purposes, the slow, wide-tired wagon has been largely replaced. This type of traffic has spelled the doom of earth roads, and tears holes in lighter, more easily worn surfacing with amazing ease and rapidity. It has also caused a cry to be raised for easier grades. The lighter pleasure automobile is almost as hard on road surface as the truck, and the higher speed has increased the number of bad accidents on sharp curves and steep grades. These causes have not only made a heavy, wear-resisting road surface necessary, but in the rebuilding and improvement now being done the roads are widened, grades reduced, sharp turns and dangerous curves eliminated.

The vast amount of work to be done, coupled with the high cost and shortage of labor, has led to the development of successful labor-saving road machinery of many different and highly specialized types. One of the labor savers adopted from quarry, railroad and mining work and applied with success to road building, is the low-freezing, slow-acting, heaving, low-grade dynamite for earth work in deepening and widening cuts, widening curves around hillsides and points, blasting out stumps, boulders and trees, and in making side and outfall ditches for drainage. Considerable saving is accomplished by its use in loosening material in conjunction with steam shovels, graders, scrapers and other machinery.

Each type of road has its particular advantages and disadvantages, and local conditions must govern the selection, frequently combining parts of each type. Standard types, although more or less interrelated, are macadam in its different forms, bituminous or asphaltic, brick or stone paved, wooden block, and concrete roads.

Macadamizing is probably the oldest and most widely used method of surfacing, having more modifications than any other type. It consists primarily of crushed stone or gravel held together with some form of applied "binder." This type of road is most generally the cheapest in first cost and holds up well under the lighter traffic. Heavy traffic, however, soon breaks through, making a high maintenance cost, hence it is not suitable for use as city paving nor on main roads near the larger cities and markets.

Crushed stone having sharp edges is a more satisfactory material than round-edged gravel, for it compacts with less "creeping" and gives a better binding. Trap rock, diabese, basalt, porphyry and other fine-grained rock are very good on account of their hardness and wearing qualities, although somewhat low in "cementing" quality. Granite is usually too coarse-grained, and limestone too soft for a first-class road surface. A small amount of limestone is frequently mixed with the harder rocks to increase their cementing effect. The binders used are fine stone screenings and water, sand and water, limestone screenings and water, or clay and water.

Upon the compacted earth foundation is spread a layer of broken stone of sizes between one or two and one-half inches in diameter. This is rolled and re-rolled until it is well compacted; a thin coat of binder material is spread over this and rolled into the interstices of the larger stone. Next a coating of finer material of one-half inch to three-quarter inch is rolled, on top of which is spread and rolled very thoroughly a finishing coat of binder, using water freely. The finished sub-base of coarser stone is usually about four inches thick and the surface coat two inches, thus making a six-inch pavement.

In bituminous or asphaltic roads, the crushed stone sub-base is coated with a small quantity, approximately one gallon per square yard, of asphalt cement or tar, then the surface course, consisting of three-quarter to one-inch stone, which has been

(Continued on page 288.)

## PICTURE FIREPLACES



### PICTURE FIREPLACES: ILLUSTRATING STORIES FOR SITTING ROOM, LIBRARY AND NURSERY

(Continued from page 253.)

monsters half animal, half man, played a large part in the decoration of the homes and temples of Assyrians, Egyptians, Persians and Spaniards.

In seeking some explanation of America's slow appreciation of the decorative use of tile in both city and country architecture, the reason has been thought to be our inbred fear of color, art, music and joyousness. In the beginning of American history, strong, bright and beautiful colors were forbidden, life

Further development of this idea could be made by the sinking of tile in the wall above the stairway, after the manner of those in the famous stairway of Bargello.

Tiles as frieze of hall, dining-room or children's room, or as base boards of nursery, is another new, suitable and delightful way of introducing decorative color. In the modern craze for color, many new uses are being found for tile. Bright colored chintzes, with their birds whose

was somber and clothes and homes gray and dull. But today there is a marked tendency to introduce colored tiles across the face of city buildings, to give streets and avenues a brighter, cheerier aspect. The long silken banners that the Chinese display in front of their shops, strong and crude in color, bearing the name of the store in conspicuous characters that are extremely decorative, make their streets something never to be forgotten. Since such flowing signs would not seem suitable to our cities—even flags appearing out of place save on gala days—almost the only avenue left to us for the introduction of color lies in tile.

We have recently seen a photograph of a large country house showing the great hall enriched by just such a picture fireplace as we are here printing. Across the face of each step of the concrete stairway is a line of tile, sunk when the concrete was soft. This tile stairway attracted attention immediately because of its originality and because it recalled one of the old Italian castles.

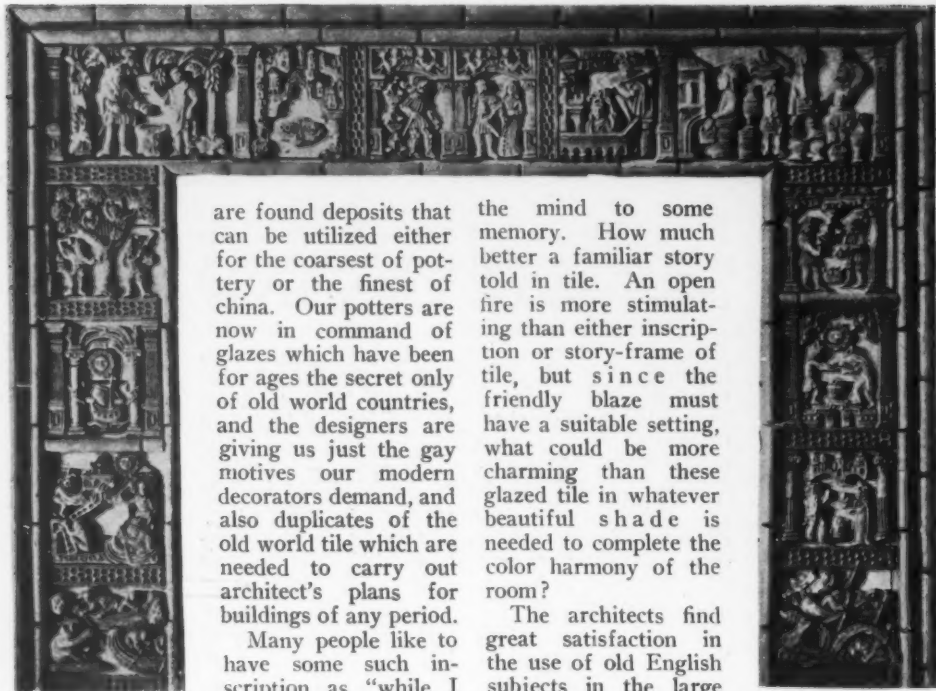
plumage would dim the glory of the gayest cockatoo or bird of paradise, with flowers never seen on land or sea, has increased our love of gay color and humorous design. In rooms like libraries, halls or dining-rooms where chintzes would be out of place, these new tile of bird design and showy flowers—scorned by science, though approved by art—will be found to add the decorative quality needed, but in a more dignified manner. When city rooms are dark, decorators have discovered that yellow walls are unquestionably able to create a sense of light and sunshine. A dining-room of a city apartment house, with windows looking into a dark court, could be transformed by making the walls of sunny yellow with frieze above of tile in some conventional bird design, with window boxes with the same bird tile incorporated, and picture fireplace of tile that tells some familiar story.

America is rich in clay suitable for the potter's use. In every part of the country

SIMPLE  
DESIGN  
FOR A  
NEW WORLD  
FIREPLACE  
IN CREAM,  
YELLOW AND  
BROWN

## PICTURE FIREPLACES

ELABORATE  
DESIGN FOR  
A NEW  
WORLD  
FIREPLACE



are found deposits that can be utilized either for the coarsest of pottery or the finest of china. Our potters are now in command of glazes which have been for ages the secret only of old world countries, and the designers are giving us just the gay motives our modern decorators demand, and also duplicates of the old world tile which are needed to carry out architect's plans for buildings of any period.

Many people like to have some such inscription as "while I was musing the fire burned" inscribed in the face of their fireplace. This is sometimes done by cutting with a chisel, if the mantel be of stone, raking it out with a stick if it be of concrete, or by painting if the mantel be of wood. Of course, the idea of such inscriptions is to stimulate the fancy or turn

the mind to some memory. How much better a familiar story told in tile. An open fire is more stimulating than either inscription or story-frame of tile, but since the friendly blaze must have a suitable setting, what could be more charming than these glazed tile in whatever beautiful shade is needed to complete the color harmony of the room?

The architects find great satisfaction in the use of old English subjects in the large country estates built along Tudor lines, which seem as much at home on our lovely hills as in English valleys. All these American tile are as perfectly made and beautifully colored as any imported directly from the Old World. We have here suggested a few good ways for their use.

## ROAD IMPROVEMENT

(Continued on page 286.)

heated and thoroughly mixed with asphaltic cement, is spread on and rolled while hot. A thin dusting of sand or stone screenings is spread on top to keep the surface from running and becoming sticky. Often a concrete sub-base is used with the surface left rough purposely to prevent the creeping of the surface course. This type of road has a certain "springiness" which saves the horses' hoofs from too much jarring, it is easily repaired, the surface is not easily abraded, but it has the disadvantage of disintegrating after a length of time, due to the presence of a certain amount of volatile oils.

Brick, paving stone and wooden block pavements all require a good, substantial,

smooth-surfaced foundation, preferably of concrete, to insure permanency. Concrete, while having been used extensively for foundations, has not been used very much for the wearing surface until late years. It has the disadvantage of being unyielding, scaling or spawling under blows, very hard on horses' hoofs, and it is difficult to secure good bonding between repairs and the older work.

The cost of roads varies with so many factors in different localities that an average figure means very little. However, a few average contract prices per square yard obtained from different sources are as follows: Macadam, 90 cents; stone paving, \$2.73; brick paving, \$1.95; wood block, \$2.82; bitulithic, \$2.25; asphaltic, \$1.91, and petrolithic, or oiled roads (figures from California only), 36 cents.

## BUILDING FOR COMFORT



### BUILDING FOR COMFORT: BY MARGARET MONTGOMERY

**I**F my neighbors had only been reconciled to the typical small rented house they might have missed the joy of building according to their own ideals. They would have paid their rent each month for half of a double house, for a tiny front porch, a narrow four foot entrance hall with its straight flight of stairs, a parlor by the side of the hall, back of that the dining-room, farther back the kitchen, and still farther back the tiny latticed porch.

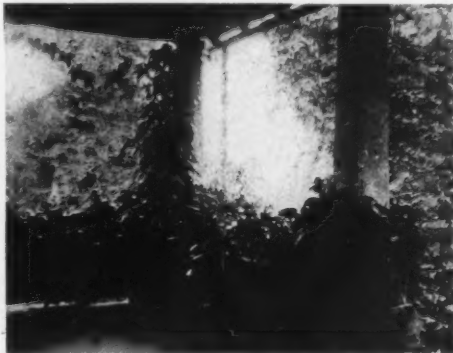
"I know the type so well," sighed the mother in my neighbor's family after the second day of house hunting, "that if I opened the front door, blindfolded, I could go to any room of the house. We might perhaps be satisfied if only we could find a house in which the tunnel hall was five feet wide instead of four, or discover a five foot cupboard space instead of four, but that seems too much to ask of a rented house."

But my neighbors had to live somewhere, so at last, after diligent search, they found a little house 28x30 feet which was out of the domain of the commonplace, and in due time they moved in cheerily and arranged their belongings to the best of their ability. It was some-

CLOSE VIEW OF THE HOUSE BUILT FOR COMFORT.

what trying to find that the doors were so placed that they clashed, and that the windows were inserted in regard to appearance from the outside and not with any consideration of the disposal of furniture. The exclamation of visitors, "Such an artistic little house," undoubtedly helped them over a great many of the annoyances of living in that house, though all the time they were uncomfortably conscious of the fact that careless house-planning had added unnecessary steps to the work.

Then came a cold snap that froze all the pipes, and at the same time came a polite little note from the landlord wish-



THE COZY PORCH.

## BUILDING FOR COMFORT



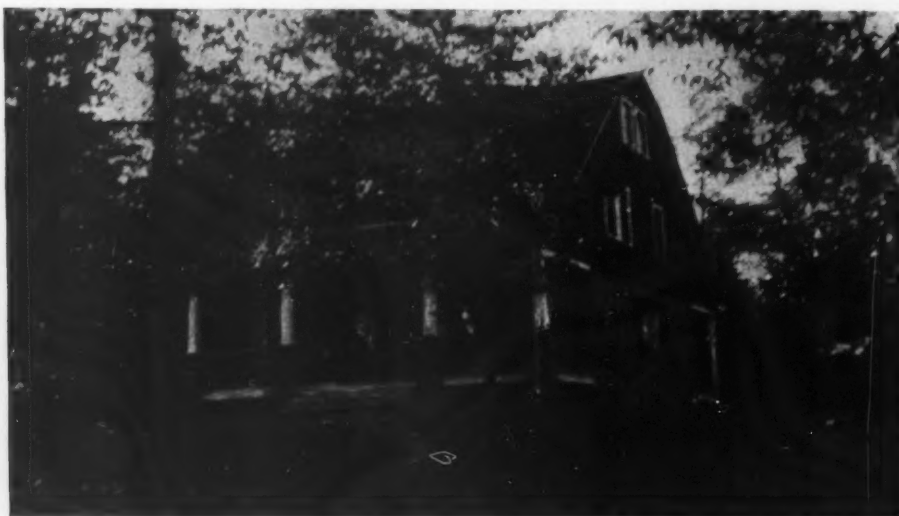
BUILT ON THE EDGE OF A STRIP OF TIMBER

ing the family a "Happy New Year," adding the information that the rent would be raised \$5 a month. That very night they held a family consultation, debating the question, "Would it cost any more to

build a house 30 feet square that was planned to suit our family, than to rent the same sized house planned to suit some builder?" Then came the query, "What would be required for a home?" "Pipes placed where they won't freeze, wide living porches, big closets in every room, enough cupboards to hold dishes and household linen, fire place round which the family can gather, a convenient relation of rooms to facilitate work, proper ventilation, a garden, trees for shade and for fruit, flowers and a small place for chickens, comfort for every one of the family and beauty for the consideration of neighbors as well as ourselves."

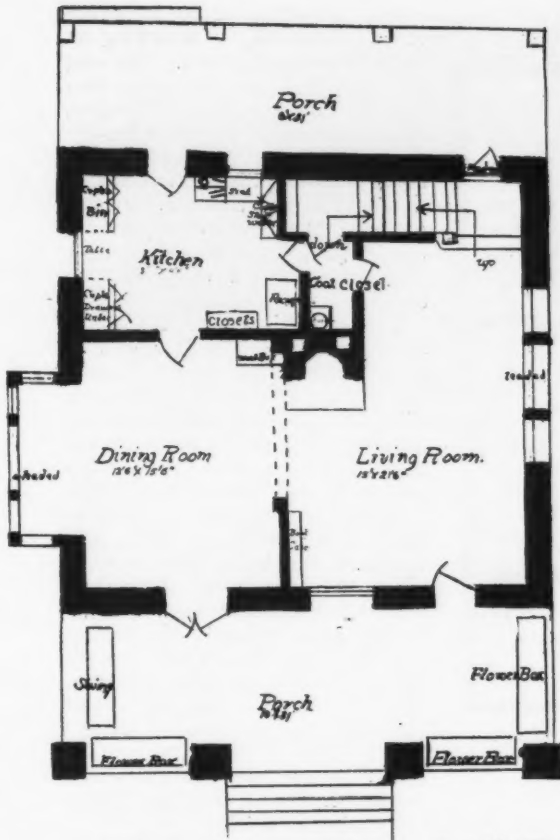
The father of the family summed up the situation thus: "If we can embody our needs and wishes in a house where the interest we will have to pay on the investment would be no more than the rent for a house which does not suit us, should we not build. If it pays to build a house to rent to us (and surely it must, else landlords would not do it), it would pay us to build, even though we have to borrow nearly all the money. If we faithfully set aside each month what we would have to pay for rent, in a few years we would hold a deed instead of a large pile of rent receipts. Besides, a deed is a much more marketable possession."

So with high enthusiasm they began the joyous task of planning and building.



THE PATH TO THE HOUSE.

## BUILDING FOR COMFORT



They needed courage, for their knowledge was small. They knew that the cheapest form of a house was square, also that for economy's sake there should be but one chimney, and that the bath-room should be situated in such relation to the kitchen that but one system of plumbing for supply and drainage would be required. They pored over books of house plans and studied the house building magazines, eventually drawing their own plans. They learned how to draw them to scale, and took just pride in seeing their own blue-prints. They selected a lot within commuting distance of the city and at the edge of a grove, for they loved trees. Because they built in the woods, and the nearby fields were full of stone, they made their house of wood and of field stones, carefully selecting those covered with lichens and weathered with age. Thus

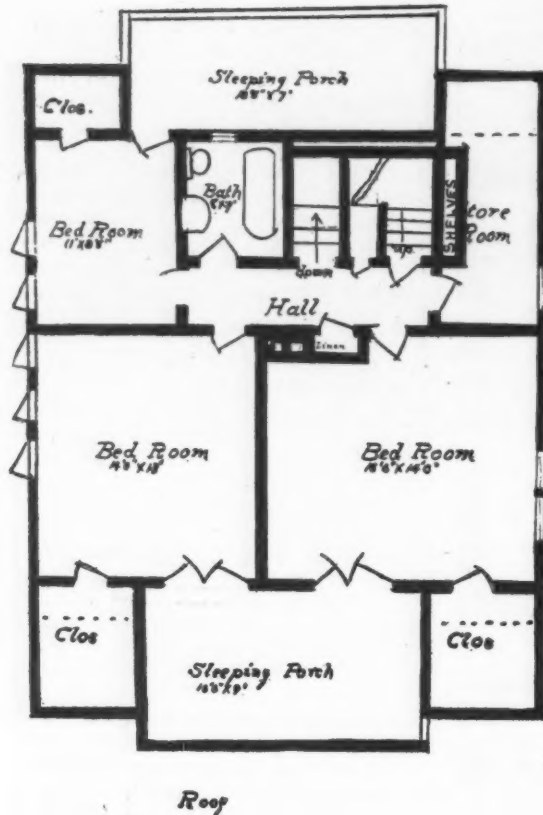
their house was beautiful, warm in winter and cool in summer.

The inside measurements of the house were only 25x28 feet on the first story, and as the stone walls of the first story were eighteen inches thick, the upper rooms had an added foot. But in this small space they had eight fair sized rooms and in addition a store room, storage space, bath, abundance of closet room, and two big sleeping porches. The porches were the joy of the family. How they exulted when they found they had 810 feet of porches! The back porch became an outdoor dining-room, and the upper porch a place to sleep. Upon entering the house the half wall, with its surface, exposed studding between the living and dining rooms and the two vistas the length and breadth of the house, gave an air of spaciousness at variance with the 25x28 feet facts. There were cross drafts where they were needed. Windows and doors were placed with reference to sun exposure and disposition of the furniture. They even provided a door at the head of the stairs so that the heat of the lower floor might not be swept upstairs. They had the kitchen boiler put in the coat closet (a comfortable arrangement when it came to drying coats). The large closets were wired for lights, the sink placed at a comfortable height for the dish-washer, though this necessitated cheerful conflict with the plumber. The coal-bin was but two steps from the foot of the cellar steps. The three bedrooms, storage room and bath of the second floor



SITTING ROOM IN THE "COMFORT HOUSE."

## BUILDING FOR COMFORT



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

Scale  $\frac{1}{4}$ " = 1 Foot

would not supply all the needs of the family, despite the help of the sleeping porch, so they extended the house to include a third story for they found out that the cost of the building lay largely in foundation and roof, and that an extra story added little to the expense. A broad dormer gave head-room for the third story stairs, while long, low windows insured proper ventilation. The chimney passing through one of the third story rooms was widened out to form a tiny fireplace built of common brick, rough side out, and pointed up with black. "As I was musing, the fire burned," runs the legend above the black mantel shelf.

They were very doubtful of that third story, fearing that their little house would look ungainly. They laid the alternate

course of shingles double to reduce the apparent height, producing an effect of horizontal lines. The long lines of the house, the stone first story and the dark stained shingles, all contributed to creating a low effect, so that people entering the house were surprised to find that it was a three story building. By this careful attention to appearance their home did not look out of harmony with the bungalows on either side.

This house is a perfect example of the satisfaction that comes to people when a just relation between the outer and inner life has been achieved. All the writers of home building agree that a home should be an expression of the people who live in it, else there never will be harmony or comfort. Every individual has a different need. No architect can know exactly what that need is to bring about their ideal of convenient living. The old Italian poet, Ariosto, has said a thing that has been widely quoted because so true, "Small is my humble roof, but well designed to suit the temper of the master's mind." "To suit the temper of the master's mind" is exactly what every one would like to achieve in home building, but few are able.

This house of my neighbor's was built to embody their needs as scientifically as a colony of wasps create their series of combs to accommodate all the members of their family. Each individual member of my neighbor's family has his or her own room, large or small according to their importance, each room in natural relation to the other members of the family; also each room is developed in the color most approved of, and the furniture arranged according to his or her idea of convenience.

There are outdoor rooms for those who like to look at the stars, to watch the sun rise or to be soothed by the sound of the wind in the tree tops, and there are bedrooms snugly enclosed from all outside disturbances—if such wonderful sights and sounds could be called disturbances. There is no pleasure in the world so great as the building of a home, even though at times the flower of joy seems possessed of thorns.

## BETTER RURAL POST BOXES



A HAPPY-GO-LUCKY TYPE OF POST-BOX SEEN AT A NEW ENGLAND CROSS-ROAD.

### WHY NOT ARTISTIC POST BOXES?

**I**N the early part of the thirteenth century the Romans established a series of posts placed at certain convenient intervals along the military roads where couriers could be found ready to carry, at top running speed, any dispatches or communications entrusted to their care by officers or civilians. From these stations or posts (Latin—positum) came not only our names post office, post box, postal service, etc., but our whole letter-delivering service.

The first United States rural mail experiment in 1896 was in reality but a return to the very first public mail service inaugurated in Rome so long ago. Instead of fleet runners the horse with saddle-bags; instead of parchment scrolls in embossed cases were rude wooden boxes stuck upon a gate post, nailed to trees or fastened upon sticks. Truth to tell the boxes to which important letters and magazines were entrusted by these first New England traveling post men were generally but a soap box that was neither sightly nor weather proof.

Our people have always been credited with a fair amount of imagination and love of beauty, but a trip through either Eastern or Western rural districts will reveal a shockingly ugly lot of tottering, tipsy-looking mail boxes with scarce a neat, well made one to be seen, seldom one original of design, seldom indeed one proportioned properly, suitably or artistically. Just why this is so is hard to say for surely they are simple enough things

to design and to make. Those steel or iron ones manufactured in such quantities by the Government have the virtue at least of practicality. They can be securely locked, hold their contents safe through driving rains or snows and if mounted on a post properly set in concrete or sunk deep in the ground and braced with stones are neat enough; but never was anything invented with less



RAISING THE FLAG TO WARN THE POSTMAN THAT LETTERS ARE WITHIN.

## BETTER RURAL POST BOXES



pretension to beauty. They look like murderous bombs, sections of pipe or petrified loaves of bread, they utterly lack in fitness or artistic design, are most deadly monotonous to look upon. Like prisoners in the penitentiary they can be identified only by numbers. No man can tell his own save by number or by painting his own name upon it.

The New England practical farmer has hit upon a plan by which the mail carrier, whether on horseback or in a wagon, can

PRACTICAL PLAN OF THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER, WHICH ENABLES THE POSTMAN TO DEPOSIT MAIL WITHOUT LEAVING THE STAGE.

leave or take away the mail without getting off his horse or moving from his seat. One of the photos shows how the box is nailed to a horizontal bar, braced to a post sunk in the ground. These boxes



RUSTIC MAIL-BOX AT THE SIDE OF A COUNTRY HOUSE DOOR.



INGENIOUS DEVICE SEEN AT A WESTERN CROSS-ROAD.

are nine times out of ten, most wobbly affairs and most clumsily made. How beautifully a Swiss would have carved and painted the box and fashioned the stout iron frame work! We are in too much of a hurry here or else we do not care how things are and take no civic pride in the look of our streets or road sides.

We also overlook the opportunity for color and interesting form in the signal, generally a flag, that indicates to the postman whether mail is within that he must collect or to the owner, watching from a far-off window, whether anything has been left by the passing post carrier.

## BETTER RURAL POST BOXES

We have seen designs of rural mail boxes made of rustic somewhat resembling an attractive bird house with the signal made in the form of a saucy red bird or inquisitive squirrel painted more or less in natural colors. The children of the house enjoy the game of dashing down to the box for the daily paper if a gay woodpecker or bluebird signal gives them the sign.

Some one out West, because much rustic was used in his house, hollowed a tree branch about one foot thick into a most suitable post box. After cutting a diagonal slice from the log which was to serve as the top of the lid, he dug out the lower part until large enough to receive the mail. As may be seen by the photograph the diagonal slice was only cut to about two-thirds of the way through, then severed where needed to hold the hinges. Through this lid a hole was cut large enough to permit ordinary mail to be put in and a peg inserted to serve as a handle. Many variations of this idea could be made, such as putting the hole for the mail on one side of the box if the box were intended to be hung in the open instead of under cover, thus preventing any possibility of rain getting within. Many a hollow tree has served as a hiding place for letters—why not this more practical modern adaptation of an old romantic idea?

Another interesting suggestion is shown in the mail box covered with ivy. Surely a most simple but most artistic way of covering an ordinary pole with the stout United States box upon the top. Instead of ivy, roses or any other vine could be used. A red bird signal upon the top of this would look singularly effective.

Another ingenious suggestion for rural



AN ORDINARY MAIL-BOX MADE BEAUTIFUL BY GROWTH OF IVY ABOUT IT.

cross-road delivery is shown in the use of an old wagon wheel. The post man has but to fill each box whirling the wheel around as he fills, without having to get out of his stage coach. When the boxes are placed all in a row as are so often seen on both Eastern and Western cross-roads, the mail carrier must get out in the deep snow or driving rain and fill the boxes from on foot. This is a much more ingenious plan although we cannot say much for its beauty.

## PAUL CLERGET IN XMAS PANTOMIME

(Continued from page 246.)

up to the possibility of an artistic level. Surely the actors and actresses in moving pictures, if they had had the foresight and good sense to make a study of intelligent gesture and convincing facial expression, would never permit themselves to go through an entire play with frantic use of the arms and with hideous facial contortion so common today on the screen.

Indeed, a study of pantomime would be an advisable thing for the whole nation. We would like to see it not only in the schools for drama but in the home, in the public and private schools everywhere; we would especially like to see our young people taught the beauty and value of motion through the art of pantomime as expressed by Paul Clerget in "L'Enfant Prodigue," and we certainly owe an immense debt to Mr. Winthrop Ames for securing Mr. Paul Clerget's art for his theater and for the benefit of the American public.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### BOOK REVIEWS

#### NIGHTS: BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

**W**HATEVER Mrs. Pennell has to say of Rome and Venice in the "aesthetic 80's," and of Paris and London in the "fighting 90's," cannot help but be mightily well worth listening to. Those were momentous days in the art world and no one was in closer touch with events and people who stamped them with the commanding power of their genius than Mr. and Mrs. Pennell. To their studio came those old masters of talk — Beardsley, Vedder, Duveneck, Whistler, Henley, "Bob" Stevenson, Harland and many others, and their brilliant comments live again in her "Nights."

In her preface she says, "There are times when we recall old memories much as we take down old favourites from our bookshelves just to see how they have worn, how they have stood the test of years. Sometimes the books have worn so well that we cannot put them away until we have read every word to the very last again, we have not done with the memories until we have lived again through every moment of the past to which they belong. It is in this spirit that I brought my *Nights* of long ago to the test, and, finding that for me they stand it triumphantly and are still as vivid and vociferous and full of life as they were of old, I have not had the courage to loose my hold upon them and let them drift back once more into unfriendly silence."

For most people work is bounded by the four walls of office or shop, and rigidly regulated by hours. Work sent her with her pen and "J—" with his pencil from end to end of England, France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria-Hungary and many other marvelous countries, and brought her the friendship of the wonderful people who were living, traveling or studying in them.

Whoever reads her book will find that the principle truth her nights of conversation revealed to her was that the man who is really interested in something does not wish to talk or to think about anything else. She tells of the artists and writers who found the appreciative listeners in the nightly gatherings, who were best

suited to loosen the speech that is so worth recording.

This book has the same intimate and compelling quality that made her "Life of Whistler" so cherished a book among all artists. No one has finer things to report, or tells them with finer feeling than Mrs. Pennell in this group of memories that she calls "Nights." (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa. Illustrated. 313 pages. Price, \$3.00 net.)

#### THE FREELANDS: BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

**E**ACH book of John Galsworthy's is a separate rich expression of his own character, his interest in life, his understanding of all kinds and types of people, his profound love of his own land, the very soil and the poorest people who guard it. "The Freeland" is a story of modern English life before the war. You touch London only for a moment, for most of the story is in the country. All grades and castes of English society are to be met with, the "Big Bugs" without sympathy for the tenants, the reformers who are poets and workers and lovers, the poor farmers and tenants who will give their life for an ideal one moment and turn their back on their leader the next — all of these people loving intensely, struggling, quarreling, marrying are shown to us in "The Freeland." Mr. Galsworthy knows them all intimately and at the end of the book, you know them all intimately. He has that rare and wonderful capacity for infusing emotion into the technique of his writings so that whatever he writes about reaches you with a thrill.

The love story between *Derek* and *Nedda* is one of rare and intense beauty. Mr. Galsworthy is not afraid to be very frank about all situations which he deems worthy of writing about. He criticises his own country, the Government, the handling of the poor people, with as little fear and more sincerity than Bernard Shaw. His love story is told with equal frankness. He gives you a vivid impression of a great spiritual passion, the thing we used to call love in great poems, the love that adores, that is willing to sacrifice for any tremendous need, that at one moment could forget the lover, at the next die for him; this is all done with

## BOOK REVIEWS

intense emotion, with beauty and with the kind of conviction that reestablishes romance in the world. It does not matter much how the story ends, but it matters immensely that Galsworthy can make you understand the beauty of love among the humble people, the splendid thing that devotion to the land can be, and the value of inspired capability for devotion which is the soul of every nation that is going to survive. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 412 pages. Price, \$1.35 net.)

### THE INDIAN FAIRY BOOK: FROM THE ORIGINAL LEGENDS

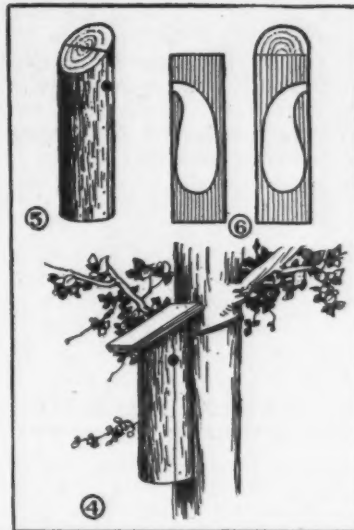
SIXTY years ago the great ethnologist, Henry R. Schoolcraft, published a collection of stories once told to Indian children by their mothers long years ago. These delightful tales of fairy magic and fun have for some unaccountable reason become almost lost to us save as they have been kept alive in an occasional copy treasured in some appreciative family.

But it is now again possible for our children to laugh at the merry tale of the youth Maidwa who could outrun his own arrow, so swift of foot was he, of Osseo, son of the Evening Star, of the Fire-Plume, and of Bokewa, the humpback. To our children these are bedtime rather than camp-fire tales, but the little boy who snares the sun in a net made of his sister's jet black hair, and the Toad-Woman so fond of bright red snake-berries, will give the same delightful thrills of mystery and adventure.

A charming group of fairy tales that children cannot help but like. (Published by Frederick A Stokes Co., New York. Illustrated in color by Florence Choate and Elizabeth Curtis. 303 pages. Price, \$1.50 net.)

### BIRD HOUSES—HOW TO BUILD THEM: BY A. NEELY HALL

WE have several times had the pleasure of reviewing the practical handbooks of A. Neely Hall. His books on "Homemade Toys for Girls and Boys," "The Boy Craftsman," "Handcraft for Handy Boys" and "The Handy Boy" have found their way into a great many homes and schools. In "Bird Houses and How to Build Them," he gives minute directions illustrated with



A WOODPECKER'S NESTING BOX.—FROM "BIRD HOUSES—HOW TO BUILD THEM." BY A. NEELY HALL.

many line drawings of bird houses made from boxes, bits of rustic, flower pots, etc. He tells boys how to make bird baths, bird shelters and gives a valuable table of the dimensions for the making of bird houses. A most excellent chart to place in the hands of boys who do not know what to do with themselves in the winter months and summer vacation. (Published by A. Neely Hall, Cincinnati, Ohio. Pamphlet. Price 25c postpaid.)

### TWENTY-FIVE BIRD SONGS FOR CHILDREN: BY W. B. OLDS

"It was the warbling of the birds  
Which first gave man the thought of music."  
CLAUDE DEBUSSY.

WITH this thought of Debussy's in mind Mr. Olds began the composition of a number of songs suitable for children's use based upon bird calls. In writing this series of songs he has attempted to accomplish two things: first, to write songs that would prove an appeal to children, that will inevitably lead them to a keener delight in the singing of birds, and an interest in the whole subject of bird life, and, secondly, to interest musicians, particularly composers of children's songs, in the possibility of utilizing bird themes. Here, he feels, is a vast, untouched field, the resources of which are practically inexhaustible. In these twenty-five songs he has

## BOOK REVIEWS

not made a point of keeping the melodies in the keys sung by the birds, but he has made every effort to preserve the spirit of the original song, transposing where necessary to keys which would allow suitable range for the child's voice, but keeping the melodic intervals absolutely true. Every song is made especially interesting to children through a picture in color of the bird whose call inspired the song. The book should meet especial favor with all members of Audubon societies, bird lovers in general, music teachers and nature study teachers. (Published by G. Schirmer, New York and Boston. Illustrated. 77 pages. Price, \$1.25 net.)

### THE LITTLE HUNCHBACK ZIA: BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

**Z**IA, a poor little hunchback castaway, hungry, lonely, in terror of a fearful old woman who told him he was hideous to look at, journeyed to Bethlehem many hundreds of years ago, and saw a radiant light streaming from a lowly cave where a woman in a blue robe sat upon some straw with a baby in her arms. Then his crooked little body became straight, his limbs strong, and his face filled with divine beauty.

This exquisite Christmas story of Mrs. Burnett's touches the heart of young and old alike, and breathes forth that rapturous spirit of holiness that belongs in a child's Christmas story. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Illustrated. 55 pages. Price, 75 cents net.)

### HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH BIRDS: BY NIEL MORROW LADD

**I**T is astonishing how few people know how to make friends with birds. They know they need water and food, but what kind of food, and how to provide it, seems utterly unknown. This little handbook of Mr. Ladd's supplies just such information as every one interested in preserving our native birds should have in their possession. It is the latest of the Pocket Nature Guide series, that convenient series of booklets that fit so snugly in the pocket it does not disturb the trampler's explorations, but answers all questions so reliably.

In this book will be found directions for making nesting boxes, and advice as how to place them, what berries to plant to attract birds, how to lure wild fowl, how to make

bird baths. In the 220 pages is condensed a tremendous amount of information, and on every page is a beautiful picture, sometimes colored, of familiar winged gardeners. A most exact handbook for the student, and a gift book that should be appreciated by every nature lover, old or young. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. Illustrated. 228 pages. Price, \$1.25, net.)

### JACOBAN FURNITURE: BY HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE

**T**HE historical background furnishing the connection between antiquity and the great people of their era, forms the chief pleasure of many collectors of old furniture. It is therefore to enthusiastic historians that this book will make the strongest appeal, for Miss Candee has in this small volume dwelt especially upon the interesting relation between Jacobean styles of furniture, and the gay and romantic courts of the seventeenth century. This book is practically an elaboration of a theme suggested in her widely known "Decorative Styles and Periods." It is interesting reading for students as well as collectors, and will prove an important addition to the library of students of art and interior decoration. It points out the things to be admired as well as those to be avoided in the purchasing of Jacobean furniture and the arranging of it in modest as well as impressive homes. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 43 illustrations. 56 pages. Price, \$1.25 net.)

### SAFETY FIRST FOR VOCATIONAL SCHOOLS: BY LEWIS A. WILSON

**T**HIS valuable bulletin was prepared by the division of Agricultural and Industrial Education of the University of the State of New York with the view of preventing accidents in the Manual Training shops of the schools, and to give children knowledge of what to do in case of accidents of all kinds. (Published by the University of the State of New York, Albany, N. Y. Illustrated. 89 pages.)

### THE GUIDING THREAD: BY BEATRICE HARRADEN

**A** STORY of a beautiful country girl who married a great scholar and was dominated by him until she awakened to the realization that she was little more

## BOOK REVIEWS

than a servant. Determining to lead a more personal, freer and happier life she goes her own way. Her adventures in freedom are told with the same spirit that brought "Ships that Pass in the Night" into such quick favor. (Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. 310 pages. Price, \$1.35 net.)

### **THE MOTHERCRAFT MANUAL: BY MARY L. READ, B. S.**

**Y**OUNG mothers will find in this book much valuable information on the care and feeding of children, and much sage advice upon their education. The manual is written by the Director of the School of Mothercraft, New York City, a school opened in 1911 for the purpose of working out experimentally a training course for young women. (Published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston, Mass. Illustrated. 440 pages. Price, \$1.25 net.)

### **EDIBLE AND POISONOUS MUSHROOMS: BY WILLIAM ALPHONSO MURRILL: A. M., PH.D.**

**T**HIS brief handbook by the distinguished mycologist of the New York Botanical Gardens will be welcomed by all students and lovers of the outdoor world. Knowledge of the edible mushrooms should be possessed by every camper. Boy Scouts and Woodcraft Girls are being taught to identify the more common of our mushrooms. Often when gun and rod fail, a knowledge of edible mushrooms would be life-saving. Hundreds and thousands of pounds of valuable and most delicious food goes to waste annually because people cannot tell the good from the dangerous varieties. This book, with its fine colored chart of the most familiar edible and poisonous species, puts practical information in the hands of all people who love outdoor life, who like to know the names and value of the beautiful things in our woods and fields. (Published by the author.)

### **THE MEN WHO WROUGHT: BY RIDGWELL CULLUM**

**F**OR those who have enjoyed Mr. Cullum's "The Night Riders" and "The Way of the Strong," there will be new pleasure in this thrilling submarine story of love and adventure. Since the interest of war stories in general is so ab-

sorbing at present, this with its new opportunity for adventure, the submarine, will be welcomed. (Published by George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 418 pages. Price, \$1.35 net.)

### **CLOTHING FOR WOMEN: BY LAURA I. BALDT, B. S.**

**T**HIS book is the first to appear in a new series to be known as "Lippincott's Home Manuals." This series, according to the publishers' announcement, is expected to become "of transcendental economical value to women in every walk of life." Miss Baldt's experience as instructor in the department of textiles and clothing in Teacher's College, Columbia University, has enabled her to present in concise form a wealth of information relative to the choosing and buying of fabrics, and the making of patterns of all kinds of clothing. There are many illustrations showing how to make different stitches, hems, seams, how to hemstitch, embroider, etc. In brief the book presents practical working directions for the designing and construction of women's garments, including all the fundamental principles involved therein, making the book of use to women who wish to make their own clothes, as well as to teachers in the department of practical arts. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and London. 454 pages. Illustrated. Price, \$2.00 net.)

### **THE WOODCRAFT MANUAL: BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON**

**"T**HERE is a winding deer trail by a stream in the pine woods, and the glint of a larger breadth of water through the alders, with stars in the grass, a high shady rock for the nooning, and a bell-bird softly chiming."

If any boy or girl in this land wishes to walk the trail leading to this enchanted spot, and wishes to "discover the folksiness of a tree, the all-aboutness of some secret, the worthwhileness of the swamp, or the friendship of a frog-pond," let him join the Woodcraft League founded by Ernest Thompson Seton. The purpose of this League is to learn the pleasant ways of the woods and of life, "that we may be masters of ourselves, face life without flinching, be ready to take our part among our fellows in all problems which arise, to build up our bodies and strengthen our souls."

## BOOK REVIEWS

All the information possible to convey through the printed word about this League and its splendid work is found in this Woodcraft Manual for girls. Later on there will be published a similar Manual for boys, though naturally the information contained in both books is practically the same, the only difference being some special information about the badges and requirements of initiation. No one is so able as Mr. Seton to write about the twelve secrets of the woods, about what to do in the woods, how to make a fire, cook a meal, find wild food, how to follow trails, and to take care of oneself generally.

This Manual tells how to become a member of the League, shows all the badges and degrees possible to earn, tells how to know forty birds, fifty common trees, sixty-four familiar wild flowers, and many other things that every boy and girl in the land should know.

Readers of *THE CRAFTSMAN* may remember the article called "Twelve Secrets of the Woods," which appeared in the June, 1916, *CRAFTSMAN*. This article gave a comprehensive idea of the purpose of this League. (Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, New York. Illustrated. 424 pages. Price, 40 cents, post-paid.)

### BOOKS RECEIVED

#### AMERICAN LIBRARY ECONOMY: BY JOHN COTTON DANA

This small bulletin compiled by the Newark Free Public Library is a strictly technical, comprehensive list of pictures and books useful in high school teaching, and includes a list of dealers in material used in library and school work. (Published by the Elm Tree Press, Woodstock, Vermont. 68 pages. Price, \$1.00 net.)

#### ETHNOBOTANY OF THE TEWA INDIANS: BULLETIN ISSUED BY THE BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY: SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

A purely technical bulletin, one that includes a phonetic key to the language of the Indian and an account of his knowledge and use of plants. (Published by the Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C. Illustrated. 124 pages.)

#### ART EDUCATION: AN INVESTIGATION OF THE TRAINING AVAILABLE IN NEW YORK CITY FOR ARTISTS AND ARTISANS

A pamphlet issued by the Metropolitan Museum of Arts to be of service in vocational guidance. It includes a list of industries and an analysis of such industries as architecture, costume designing, interior decoration, metal work and many kinds of novelties. (Published by the Metropolitan Museum of Arts, New York. 46 pages.)

#### SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION

An interesting bulletin covering the school work, its organization, departments of education, results of new ventures in instruction, and of the work done in the Philippine Islands. (Published by the Manila Bureau of Printing. Illustrated. 185 pages.)

#### MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM SILHOUETTES: BY P. KONEWKA

Several portfolios of silhouettes by P. Konewka are now on exhibition at 305 Madison Avenue, New York. These silhouettes of child life and fairy wizardry have attracted much attention because of their originality of design and the fact that silhouetting, though an old art, is nevertheless seldom exhibited. A fair idea of their charm may be obtained from the few used, very much reduced, in an article published in this issue, "Midsummer Night's Dream." (Published at 149 New Bond Street, London, England. 11 silhouettes. Price, \$3.75.)

#### THE SEA'S FAIRY BABIES

(Continued from page 281.)

green and black borders of all sorts of things that belong under the sea, that make every page a delight to look at as well as to read. We should like the pleasure of reproducing each and every one of the pictures and sketches, but the few that we have here shown give a fair idea of their fascination, save that we have not shown the clear water-green of the leaves and bubbles. (Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Illustrated. 362 pages. Price \$3.00 net.)

## FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES

"**W**HERE can I see Craftsman house designs?" In answer to a persistent demand, we are intending to reproduce and to describe each month in the CRAFTSMAN MAGAZINE four Craftsman houses. This will be continued until we have reproduced the two hundred house designs which we have on file. A front elevation and floor plans will be shown on each page.

We will furnish tentative estimates and cost of complete plans upon request.

Address:

Service Department, Craftsman Publishing Co., 6 East 39th St., New York City.

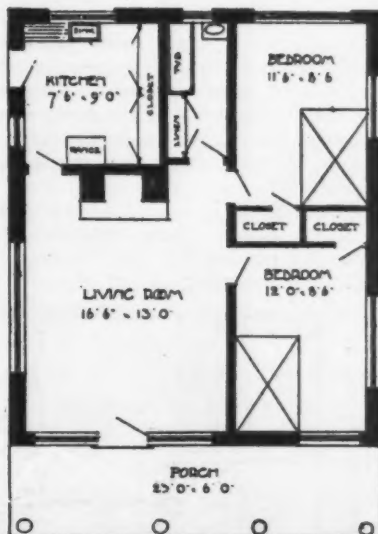


NO. 55: FOUR-ROOM CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW OF FIELD STONE

**T**HE bungalow illustrated here has been planned as a summer or all-year home for some country spot where there is plenty of field stone, although it may of course be built of other materials if there is no stone at hand. The construction of the roof makes the building especially suitable for the top of a low hill or knoll, and if the material of the walls is repeated in the steps, or entrance, or in a low wall around the garden, it will help to link the little dwelling more closely to its surroundings. In the working drawings of the building we have shown the fireplace carried up to the ceiling in field stone, with a wide wood lintel above the fireplace opening. If there is no stone to be had, the chimneypiece may be of brick or cement.

In such a simple country home no separate dining room seems necessary, for the living room being next to the kitchen will answer this purpose, and when the weather is fine the meals will no doubt be taken out on the porch.

The bedrooms are arranged so that they will be convenient to the bathroom, and three closets are provided. If this is not enough storage space, box seats may be used in the living room beneath the front windows.



FLOOR PLAN OF STONE BUNGALOW NO. 55.

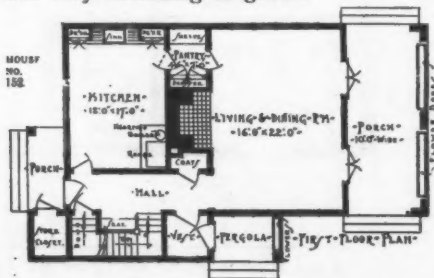
## FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES



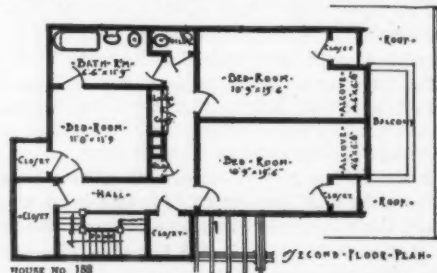
NO. 152: FIVE-ROOM CRAFTSMAN HOUSE OF CEMENT

**A**LTHOUGH there are actually only five main rooms in this house, it has practically the value of a six-room dwelling, for in order to make the lower floor as open and spacious as possible, we have planned a single room extending the entire depth of the building—a living room and dining room combined. This will be especially convenient if the housewife does not keep a maid, for the minimizing of partitions always means the simplifying of housework.

The building is 49 feet wide and 28 feet 6 inches deep. These measurements include the porches but not the steps, which will vary according to grade.



We have planned the house so that it will be suitable for a small suburban corner lot, with the steps of the entrance pergola facing one street and the long side porch facing the other. It can be adapted to an inside lot by simply reversing the positions of the steps and flower-boxes of the pergola porch, and closing the near side of the



living porch by a flower-box as shown in the perspective view, instead of building the steps indicated on the plan.

If the owner wishes to screen the living porch during the summer and glass it in during the winter to form a sunroom, we would suggest that it be built with a low parapet.

## FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES



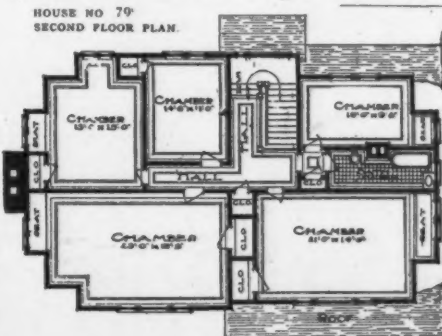
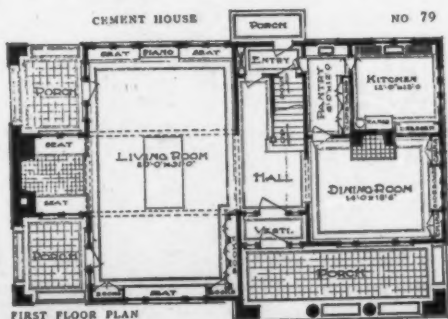
### NO. 79: CRAFTSMAN CEMENT HOUSE—EIGHT ROOMS

**T**HIS house is of cement with long, sloping roofs of shingle or slate, in which dormers are broken out to give the necessary height to the chambers. It is strongly constructed upon truss metal laths, and every care has been taken to avoid possibility of leakage. The cement is brought close about the windows; the sills are the only part of the casings which are left uncovered, and they are sloped so that the water does not stand upon them. The windows themselves are well grouped, to break the monotony of the wall into pleasing spaces, an important consideration in a plain cement house, which, more than any

other sort of house, depends upon the size and shape of its windows or decoration.

The plans show the interior of the house to be very roomy and airy. The chambers are fitted with ample closets, and are well lighted with large windows, both casement and double-hung. All over the house the interior work shows many attractive features, and in every direction the eye falls upon some interesting variation.

The living room shows several seats and book shelves, but the most attractive feature is the deep inglenook, which runs out between the twin porches that connect with the room by means of long French doors.



## FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES



### NO. 96: SIX-ROOM CRAFTSMAN SHINGLED BUNGALOW

**T**HE Craftsman bungalow illustrated here is intended for a small family who want to build a permanent, comfortable and comparatively inexpensive home. As it is meant to be built in the country or on a good-sized suburban lot, the rooms have been arranged all on one floor, to simplify the housework and keep the interior in close touch with out of doors.

We have shown the bungalow with a foundation of field stone, which is used also in the terrace parapet beside the garden pathway and in the chimneys, giving the place a rugged, picturesque air. Brick or cement may of course be used where we have indicated stone if the latter is not available.

Among the working plans of the bungalow are included detailed drawings of the dining room fitments, showing the exact construction of the sideboard.

The sketch which we are giving here shows the arrangement of the inglenook, which is screened from the living room by post and panel construction. The field-stone chimneypiece with its wide wood shelf and alcove and tile hearth are particularly in keeping with the general character of the bungalow, and detailed drawings of the construction will be furnished with the working plans.

